DC
SUPERMAN
NATIONAL COMICS
52 PAGES
BIG TOWN
BRAND NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!
10c
JAN.
BOYS, WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT THAT EXTRA--EVEN IF THERE IS A KILLER LOOSE IN THE CITY ROOM!
INTER-COMMUNICATION SYSTEM

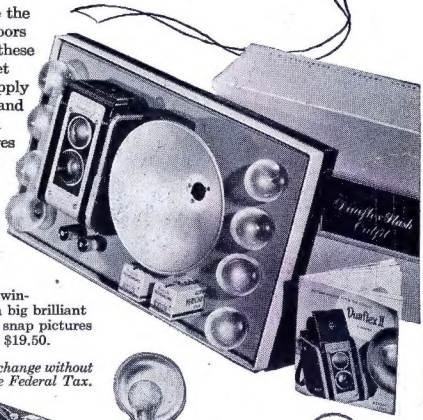
Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. $12.75.

What a gift!

. . . a complete kit for flash pictures

You'll take action shots at night just like the press photographers. You'll get snaps indoors any time. It's no trick at all with one of these new Kodak flash outfits. In the kit you get an up-to-the-minute Kodak camera, a supply of film, Flasholder, flash bulbs, batteries and two booklets that tell you everything you need to know to start making swell pictures right away. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



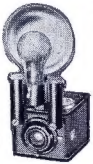
Kodak Duaflex II Flash Outfit

In this kit you get the new twin-lens, reflex-type camera with big brilliant view finder. All set, ready to snap pictures indoors or out, day or night. $19.50.

All prices are subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax.

Other Kodak Cameras just "tops" for Christmas

Brownie Target Six-20 Camera—Vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops to control light. Negatives 2¼ x 3¼. $5.75.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera. "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Negatives, 2¼ x 3¼. $11.75; Flasholder, $2.92.

Baby Brownie Special Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, 1⅝ x 2½. $2.75.

Kodak
TRADE MARK

BIG TOWN

THIS WAS BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING AT MIDNIGHT. AND BEFORE THE FIRST RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN WERE TO STRIKE ITS RADIO TOWER, EDITOR STEVE WILSON WAS TO BE TESTED AS NO NEWSMAN BEFORE HIM HAD EVER BEEN. THE BATTLING EDITOR HAD HAMMERED OUT A THOUSAND DEADLINES IN HIS DAY - BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS--AND ALL THE STAFF MEMBERS HELD THEIR BREATHS AND WAITED... FOR THIS WAS STEVE WILSON'S...

"DEADLINE NIGHTMARE!"

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IT IS JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT AS STEVE WILSON SAYS GOOD NIGHT TO A WORRIED CITY HEALTH OFFICIAL AT BIG TOWN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...

ANOTHER 30 CASES TODAY, STEVE! MY DEPARTMENT'S STUMPED! WE KNOW IT'S SOME KIND OF FOOD POISONING BUT WE CAN'T PUT OUR FINGER ON IT!

I KNOW! DON'T GET ANY HOPES UP, JOHN, BUT MY ACE REPORTER, BEN WALTERS, PHONED IN THAT HE HAS A HOT CLUE. I'LL CONTACT YOU THE MOMENT I HEAR FROM HIM!

TEN MINUTES LATER, BIG TOWN'S CRUSADING EDITOR HURRIES INTO THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...

THANKS FOR THE RELIEF, PAT! I'LL GIVE THE CITY ROOM BOYS THEIR MIDNIGHT SNACK AND TAKE THE CAGE OVER AGAIN!.. OH, MR. WILSON! ANYTHING NEW ON THE EPIDEMIC?

I'M AFRAID NOT, MEL! BUT WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN!

THE CITY'S DESPERATE, LORELEI! FOUR CASES IN THE LAST HOUR! IF ONLY WALTERS WOULD SHOW--THAT LEAD OF HIS SOUNDED GOOD!

STEVE! WALTERS IS BACK...AND WITH SOMETHING BIG! HE'S IN YOUR PRIVATE OFFICE NOW TYPING IT UP! I JUST SENT A BATCH OF HIS PICS DOWN TO THE DARK ROOM!

GOOD GOING, BEN! WHAT'S THE DOPE ON...BEN!

OH...

BEN, OLD BOY...WHAT HAPPENED?

STEVE... TOSS BASKET... GRABBED MY COPY... COULDN'T STOP HIM... HE... STABBED ME...

HE'S OUT... LORELEI! GET TO THE MAIN SWITCHBOARD--CALL THE HOSPITAL... THEN CIRCULATION! HAVE EVERY DRIVER AND GUARD COVER THE EXITS! NOBODY LEAVES THIS BUILDING! NOBODY!

RIGHT, STEVE!

WITHIN MINUTES, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS IS A LOCKED VAULT. CAREFULLY, STEVE INSPECTS THE CRUMPLED BITS OF COPY FROM THE TOSS BASKET TO FIND...

THESE ARE BEN'S NOTES, ALL RIGHT--BUT PLENTY JUMBLED! HOPE I CAN DOVE-TAIL THEM TOGETHER SOMEHOW... **GREAT CATS!** BEN'S PICS IN THE DARK ROOM! WHOEVER DID THIS WILL...

HARRY, STAY WITH BEN UNTIL THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES! I'M GOING AFTER HIS PICS! AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON LORELEI!

YOU BET, MR. WILSON! NOBODY'S GONNA HURT **HER!**

DROP ME AT THE DARK ROOM, PAT! HURRY! INCIDENTALLY HAVE YOU SEEN ANY STRANGERS NOSING ABOUT MY OFFICE?

W-WHY NO, MR. WILSON! NOT SINCE I RELIEVED MEL FOR HIS TEN-MINUTE BREAK--HE'LL BE BACK RIGHT AWAY!

AS STEVE RUSHES INTO THE DARK ROOM, A PRONE BODY BLOCKS HIS PATH. HE PLUNGES FORWARD HEAD-LONG AS TWO BULLETS BLAST AT HIM...

JOHNSON!..OH... MY ARM..

THE BULLET'S IMPACT DRIVES STEVE BACKWARD. THEN, SEIZED WITH INDIGNANT RAGE, THE BATTLING EDITOR SPRINGS FOR HIS HIDDEN ASSAILANT...

MURDERING DEVIL! IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON YOU...

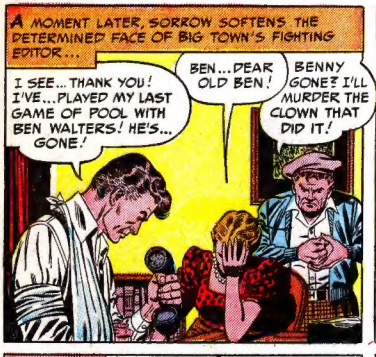
WHEW! W-WHAT CONKED ME?

WITH DARKNESS AS HIS ALLY, THE GUNMAN QUICKLY WRESTS HIMSELF FROM STEVE'S GROPING ARMS AND PLUNGES TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR-WAY...

WHERE IN THUNDER..? **JOHNSON!** ARE YOU UP? **GRAB HIM!**

W-WHAT?.. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

A MOMENT LATER THE TWO NEWSPAPERMEN SURVEY THE WRECKED DARK ROOM...
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, JOHNSON! QUICK! DID THE GUNMAN GET WALTERS' PICS?
LET'S SEE...THE NEGATIVES ARE GONE, STEVE! BUT THE GUY OVERLOOKED THE PRINTS! I WAS JUST FINISHING THEM UP HERE IN THE DEVELOPING BATH!
I ONLY MADE ONE SET OF PRINTS, STEVE... SAY, YOU'VE BEEN HIT!
YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW! I'LL GET A GUARD RIGHT DOWN HERE, JOHNSON! LOCK THIS DOOR AND START DRYING THOSE PRINTS! WHEN THEY'RE FINISHED, SHOOT THEM RIGHT UP TO ME!
PRESENTLY IN THE CORRIDOR...
STEVE! I HEARD SHOTS! WHAT'S UP?
CONNORS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE COVERING NIGHT COURT! NEVER MIND... GO UP AND HELP THE OTHER MEN SEARCH THE BUILDING!
BACK IN HIS OFFICE, STEVE WILSON POURS OVER THE WOUNDED REPORTER'S NOTES. THE SAFETY OF A CITY DEPENDS UPON THE EDITOR FITTING THE SCRAMBLED WORDS TOGETHER...
GOSH, MR. WILSON, THE GUARDS SAY THERE AIN'T NO STRANGERS IN THIS HERE ILLUSTRIOUS PRESS BUILDING.
HE'S GOT TO BE IN THIS BUILDING! HE'S HIDING SOMEWHERE OR... HE MIGHT BE ONE OF THE STAFF!
OH, NO, STEVE!
SUDDENLY, THE HASTILY JOTTED NOTES LEAP TOGETHER IN STEVE'S MIND TO REVEAL A VICIOUS RACKET...
GOT THE PRINTS, STEVE!
GREAT HANNAH! I'VE GOT IT! SEE HERE... BLUE STAMP... SIDE OF BEEF... THE FOOD POISONING IS COMING FROM BAD BEEF! BEN'S UNCOVERED A RACKET TO DISPOSE OF FAULTY MEAT IN BIG TOWN!
BEN WALTER'S PHOTOS REVEAL AN ASTONISHING EXPOSE...
THERE IT IS...PACKING HOUSE... PENS... SIDES OF BEEF... AND LOOK AT THAT MAN! IF WE ONLY HAD HIS IDENTITY! LORELEI! GET THE HOSPITAL ON THE PHONE! LET'S SEE HOW BEN'S COMING!


A MOMENT LATER, SORROW SOFTENS THE DETERMINED FACE OF BIG TOWN'S FIGHTING EDITOR...
I SEE... THANK YOU! I'VE... PLAYED MY LAST GAME OF POOL WITH BEN WALTERS! HE'S... GONE!
BEN... DEAR OLD BEN!
BENNY GONE? I'LL MURDER THE CLOWN THAT DID IT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LOBBY OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, A PHONE CONVERSATION OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT NATURE IS TAKING PLACE...

WITHIN THE HOUR, STEVE WILSON HAS CALLED IN POWERFUL REINFORCEMENTS. MEN OF THE MEAT WORLD, WHO CAN HELP HIM HOLD THE LINE...
WELL, STEVE, HERE WE ARE-- RECORDS AND ALL!
THANK YOU FOR COMING AT SUCH A LATE HOUR, GENTLEMEN! I ASSURE YOU THE SITUATION WARRANTS IT! PLEASE COME IN AND BE SEATED!

CAREFULLY, THE THREE MEN EXAMINE STEVE'S EVIDENCE. FINALLY...
SORRY, WILSON! WE'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO HELP OUR OWN CAUSE BUT WE JUST DON'T RECOGNIZE THAT PARTICULAR PACKING HOUSE!
I SEE, MR. CARTER! GENTLEMEN, I ASKED YOU TO BRING YOUR RECORDS BECAUSE I'D LIKE A LIST OF EVERY RETAIL STORE YOU DISTRIBUTE TO!

I'D APPRECIATE YOUR STAYING LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE THE COMPLETE LIST TO MY ASSISTANT. I'LL HAVE EACH STORE NOTIFIED NOT TO SELL ANOTHER POUND OF BEEF UNTIL THIS IS CLEARED UP!
WE'D BE GLAD TO, WILSON!

LATER, IN THE CITY ROOM, STEVE LABORIOUSLY POUNDS OUT THE FACTS WITH HIS ONE GOOD ARM...
BUT, STEVE! YOU HAVEN'T ACTUAL PROOF OF ALL THIS!
POISONED PEOPLE CAN'T WAIT, LORELEI! SOME READER OF OUR PAPER WILL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THAT PACKING PLANT! THEN WE'LL GET OUR PROOF! I'M ABOUT FINISHED, HARRY! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE LINO-ROOM!

BUT AS STEVE ENTERS THE COMPOSING ROOM...
GET READY TO SET UP PAGE ONE! THE PLATES WILL BE RIGHT IN -- HERE'S COPY... WHAT —?
THEY KEELED OVER LIKE THAT AFTER THEIR SNACK! EVERYBODY BUT GEORGE, THAT IS!
THEY'VE BEEN DRUGGED! MY GOSH! HARRY! GET THE HOSPITAL AGAIN! GEORGE... HOW COME IT DIDN'T AFFECT YOU?
I DON'T KNOW, MR. WILSON! MAYBE CAUSE I HAD MILK AND THEY ALL DRANK COFFEE!
ONCE AGAIN CITY HOSPITAL COMES TO THE RESCUE, AND ONCE HIS LINOTYPE MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, STEVE MOVES INTO ACTION...
GEORGE, I'VE GOT TO DEPEND ON YOU! WE'LL KNOCK OUT YOUR COPY ON PAGES 3-4-16-17-- GET THIS IN YOUR PAGE ONE COPY!
RIGHT, MR. WILSON!
FUNNY... GEORGE IS ALWAYS GULPING COFFEE! WONDER WHY THE GUY SWITCHED TO MILK TONIGHT?
ARE YOU SURE OF THAT, HARRY?... OUCH! HERE COMES OUR PUBLISHER WITH A GLEAM IN HIS EYE!
WILSON! WHY IN THUNDER AREN'T YOU COOPERATING WITH THE POLICE? A KILLER LOOSE IN THE BUILDING! WHY, IF ONE OF THE GUARDS HADN'T PHONED ME...
I HAVEN'T TIME FOR POLICE ROUTINE! I'M DOING THE FASTEST THING RIGHT NOW TO CATCH THE KILLER -- GETTING AN EXTRA OUT!
BUT THE FACTS! HAVE YOU ENOUGH FACTS ON THIS STORY TO WARRANT AN EXTRA?
I'M BANKING MY REPUTATION THAT BEN WALTERS KNEW A SCOOP WHEN HE SAW IT! NOW, PLEASE, BOSS... I'VE GOT TO GET THE PRESSES ROLLING!

AN HOUR LATER, STEVE'S EXTRA BEGINS TO ROLL. THE FIRST PAPERS POUR OFF THE PRESSES AND "DEADLINE NIGHTMARE" SEEMS BEATEN AT LAST UNTIL...

MR. WILSON! LORELEI JUST TELEPHONED DOWN! SHE WANTS TO KNOW DID YOU LEAVE A NOTE ASKING HER TO MEET YA IN THE LOBBY AT 3:10?

A NOTE? GOOD GOSH, HARRY, **NO!** **NOW** WHAT IN SAM HILL IS GOING ON?

SUDDENLY, A PRESSMAN REPORTS A NEW DEVELOPMENT...

STEVE! LOOK AT THIS! THE INK'S **FULL OF ACID**-- OUR ELECTRO-PRESSES ARE A MESS AND THE PLATES ARE **RUINED!**

ACID! WHY, THAT ROTTEN... **HANLEY!** USE THE FLAT BED PRESS! I'LL RUSH DOWN THE PRINTS TO THE ENGRAVERS FOR NEW PLATES-- **SUFFERING CATS!...** THE NOTE! C'MON, HARRY, **QUICK!**

BUT I DON'T FIGURE IT, MR. WILSON! WHAT'S LORELEI'S BUM NOTE GOT TO DO WIT' THE PRESSES BEING RUINT?

BECAUSE, HARRY, **WITHOUT** THAT ONE SET OF PRINTS IN MY DRAWER, WE **CAN'T** MAKE NEW PLATES TO PRINT WITH! OUR CLEVER KILLER WANTED LORELEI OUT OF THE OFFICE TO GRAB THEM FROM MY DESK!

BACK IN STEVE'S OFFICE, "DEADLINE NIGHTMARE" CONTINUES...

I KNEW YOU COULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN THIS NOTE, STEVE! IT'S TYPED TOO SMOOTHLY FOR SOME-ONE SUPPOSED TO HAVE **ONE** GOOD HAND!

SMART DEDUCING, LORELEI! THE KILLER FORGED THE NOTE BECAUSE HE MUST HAVE WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY AT 3:10 SHARP. LOOK...

WHY 3:10? WHY NOT 4:00...OR 4:15... **GOT** TO BE A REASON FOR THAT! THINK, STEVE... THINK! **MY GOSH!** IT'S CRAZY BUT...

Lorell, my lovely;
Meet me in the lobby
At 3:10 sharp.
Very important.
Steve - -

LORELEI! I'VE GOT A THOUGHT! GIVE THESE PRINTS TO MEL, THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR, AND HAVE HIM BRING THEM TO THE PRINTING ROOM! HARRY, STAY AND WATCH LORELEI! I'LL BE BACK!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, STEVE FOLLOWS A SHADOWY FIGURE ALONG THE DARK CATWALK HIGH ABOVE THE ELECTRO PRESSES...

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, **BUSTER!** THE **REAL** PRINTS ARE LOCKED IN MY DESK!

W-WHO...

MR. WILSON! I-IT'S A MISTAKE...

IT'S **NO** MISTAKE, MEL! **YOU'VE BEEN SABOTAGING** MY EXTRA ON YOUR **HOURLY TEN-MINUTE BREAKS!** YOUR HANDS ARE COVERED WITH INK... YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL WHEN YOU DUMPED THE ACID IN THE PRESS!

...12:10 YOU KNIFED WALTERS AND SHOT ME IN THE DARK ROOM... 1:10 YOU DRUGGED THE LINO-MEN'S COFFEE WHEN YOU GOT THEIR SNACK... 2:10 YOU POURED ACID IN THE INK! YOU'RE **IT**, MEL-- **BUT GOOD!**

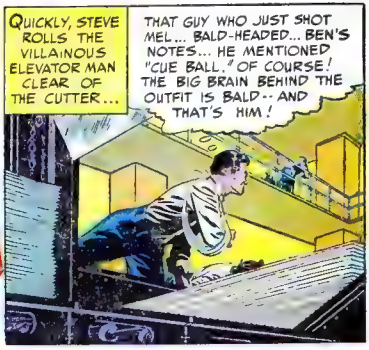
YOU'RE NOT ROBBING ME OF A **FORTUNE, WILSON!**

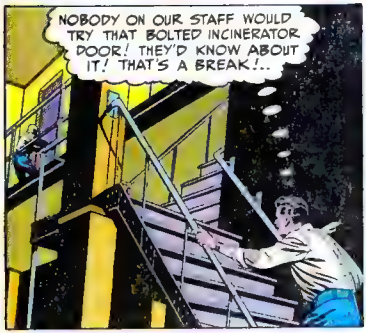
TOGETHER, EDITOR AND KILLER PLUMMET ONTO THE STACKS OF PAPER BEING FED INTO THE CUTTING MACHINE FOR THE OLD FLAT BED PRESS...

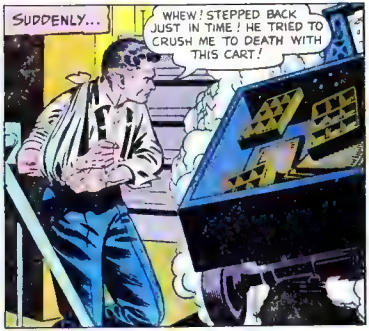
WILSON! WE'RE GOING INTO THE **CUTTING MACHINE!** WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THE CONVEYOR!

NOT A CHANCE, MEL! WE BOTH GO TOGETHER... UNLESS YOU HAND OVER THE STORY YOU STOLE FROM WALTERS NOW...

NO! NO! I-I HAVEN'T GOT IT!.. PLEASE, WILSON... I-I GAVE IT TO BALDY FEEHAN.. A-R-RGH!
BLAM


QUICKLY, STEVE ROLLS THE VILLAINOUS ELEVATOR MAN CLEAR OF THE CUTTER...
THAT GUY WHO JUST SHOT MEL... BALD-HEADED... BEN'S NOTES... HE MENTIONED "CUE BALL." OF COURSE! THE BIG BRAIN BEHIND THE OUTFIT IS BALD -- AND THAT'S HIM!


NOBODY ON OUR STAFF WOULD TRY THAT BOLTED INCINERATOR DOOR! THEY'D KNOW ABOUT IT! THAT'S A BREAK!..

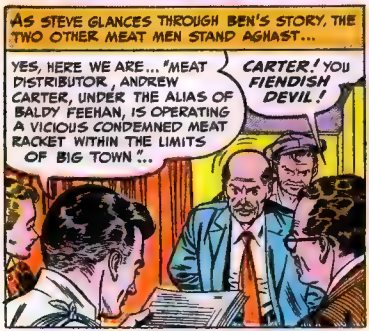

SUDDENLY...
WHEW! STEPPED BACK JUST IN TIME! HE TRIED TO CRUSH ME TO DEATH WITH THIS CART!

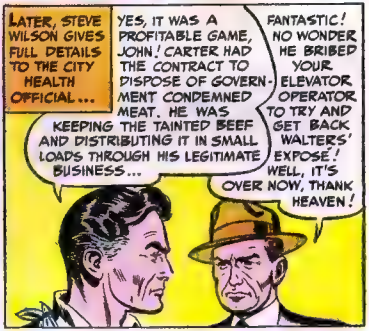
MOMENTS LATER, WHEN STEVE REACHES THE LANDING, HIS MAN IS GONE ...
WE'VE JUST FINISHED COVERING THE BUILDING THOROUGHLY, MR. WILSON! NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSON IS ABOUT!
MR. WILSON! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M OKAY! IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUARD! I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT THE ANSWERS NOW! NOW LISTEN, HARRY...

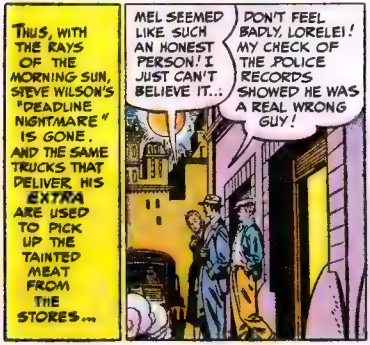
LATER...
YES, I KNOW... NOW, HARRY!
STEVE! WE'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

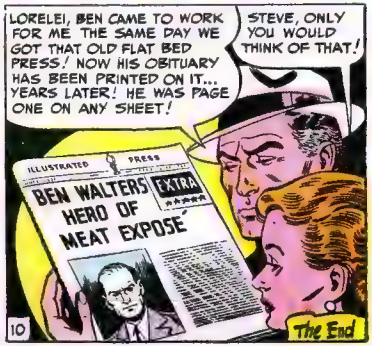
OOPS! NO LUCK HERE...
HERE'S OUR BOY! BALDY FEEHAN! GRAB HIM, HARRY!
HEY!

YOU'RE INSANE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
IF I DON'T FIND BEN WALTERS' STORY ON YOU, I'LL APOLOGIZE ON PAGE ONE... AH-H... HERE IT IS!


AS STEVE GLANCES THROUGH BEN'S STORY, THE TWO OTHER MEAT MEN STAND AGHAST...
YES, HERE WE ARE... "MEAT DISTRIBUTOR, ANDREW CARTER, UNDER THE ALIAS OF BALDY FEEHAN, IS OPERATING A VICIOUS CONDEMNED MEAT RACKET WITHIN THE LIMITS OF BIG TOWN"...
CARTER! YOU FIENDISH DEVIL!


LATER, STEVE WILSON GIVES FULL DETAILS TO THE CITY HEALTH OFFICIAL...
YES, IT WAS A PROFITABLE GAME, JOHN! CARTER HAD THE CONTRACT TO DISPOSE OF GOVERNMENT CONDEMNED MEAT. HE WAS KEEPING THE TAINTED BEEF AND DISTRIBUTING IT IN SMALL LOADS THROUGH HIS LEGITIMATE BUSINESS...
FANTASTIC! NO WONDER HE BRIBED YOUR ELEVATOR OPERATOR TO TRY AND GET BACK WALTERS' EXPOSE! WELL, IT'S OVER NOW, THANK HEAVEN!


THUS, WITH THE RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN, STEVE WILSON'S "DEADLINE NIGHTMARE" IS GONE. AND THE SAME TRUCKS THAT DELIVER HIS EXTRA ARE USED TO PICK UP THE TAINTED MEAT FROM THE STORES...
MEL SEEMED LIKE SUCH AN HONEST PERSON! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT...
DON'T FEEL BADLY, LORELEI! MY CHECK OF THE POLICE RECORDS SHOWED HE WAS A REAL WRONG GUY!


LORELEI, BEN CAME TO WORK FOR ME THE SAME DAY WE GOT THAT OLD FLAT BED PRESS! NOW HIS OBITUARY HAS BEEN PRINTED ON IT... YEARS LATER! HE WAS PAGE ONE ON ANY SHEET!
STEVE, ONLY YOU WOULD THINK OF THAT!
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
BEN WALTERS HERO OF MEAT EXPOSE
EXTRA
10
The End

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SIT ON HIM, PUD!
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AND HE HAD A GUN!
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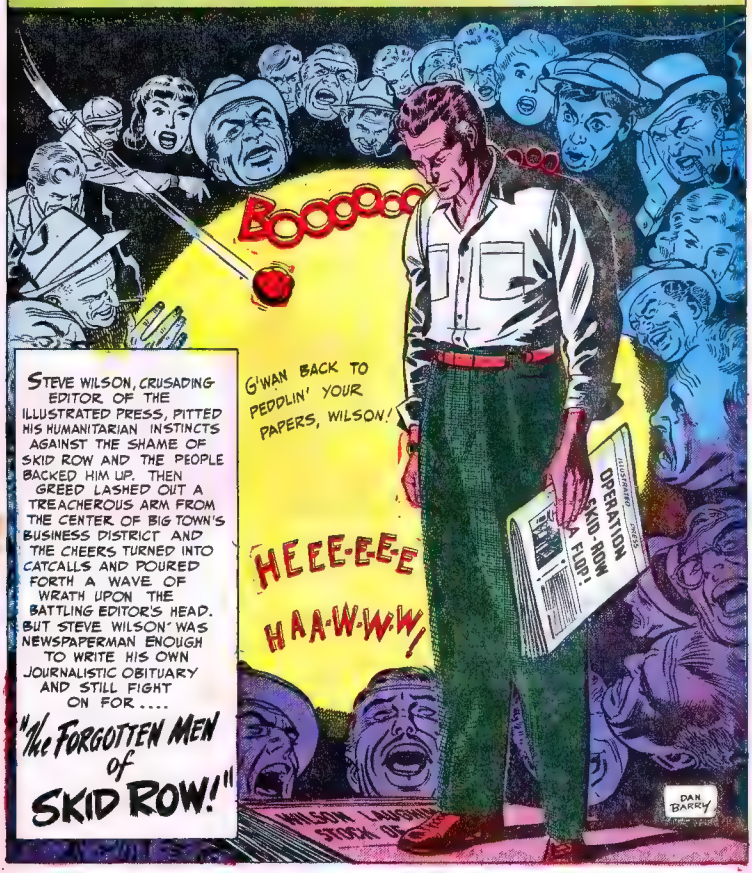
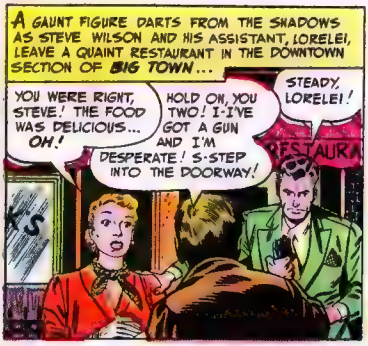
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

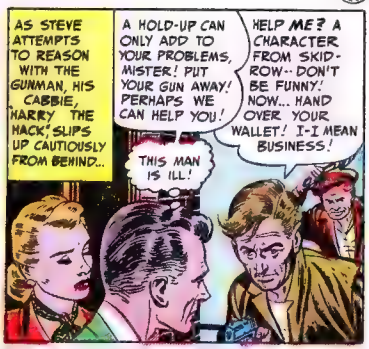
BIG TOWN



STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, PITTED HIS HUMANITARIAN INSTINCTS AGAINST THE SHAME OF SKID ROW AND THE PEOPLE BACKED HIM UP. THEN GREED LASHED OUT A TREACHEROUS ARM FROM THE CENTER OF BIG TOWN'S BUSINESS DISTRICT AND THE CHEERS TURNED INTO CATCALLS AND POURED FORTH A WAVE OF WRATH UPON THE BATTLING EDITOR'S HEAD. BUT STEVE WILSON WAS NEWSPAPERMAN ENOUGH TO WRITE HIS OWN JOURNALISTIC OBITUARY AND STILL FIGHT ON FOR....

"The FORGOTTEN MEN of SKID ROW!"

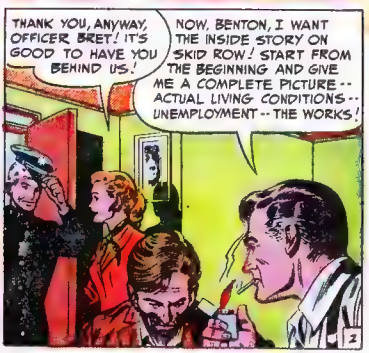

A GAUNT FIGURE DARTS FROM THE SHADOWS AS STEVE WILSON AND HIS ASSISTANT, LORELEI, LEAVE A QUAINT RESTAURANT IN THE DOWNTOWN SECTION OF BIG TOWN...
YOU WERE RIGHT, STEVE! THE FOOD WAS DELICIOUS... OH!
HOLD ON, YOU TWO! I-I'VE GOT A GUN AND I'M DESPERATE! S-STEP INTO THE DOORWAY!
STEADY, LORELEI!

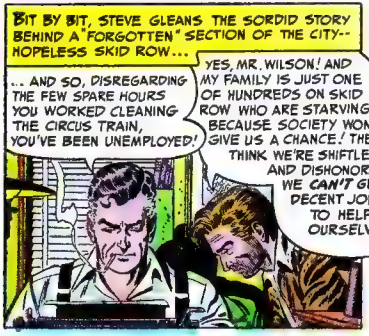

AS STEVE ATTEMPTS TO REASON WITH THE GUNMAN, HIS CABBIE, HARRY THE HACK, SLIPS UP CAUTIOUSLY FROM BEHIND..
A HOLD-UP CAN ONLY ADD TO YOUR PROBLEMS, MISTER! PUT YOUR GUN AWAY! PERHAPS WE CAN HELP YOU!
HELP ME? A CHARACTER FROM SKID-ROW-- DON'T BE FUNNY! NOW... HAND OVER YOUR WALLET! I-I MEAN BUSINESS!
THIS MAN IS ILL!

WELL FER...?
HOLD IT, HARRY!
STEVE! HE'S-- FAINTED!

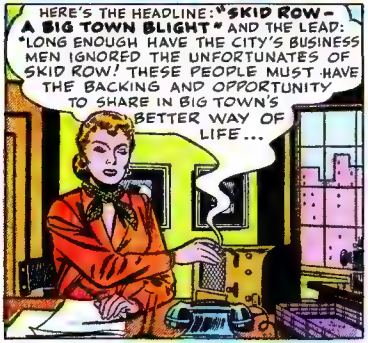
GOSH, MR. WILSON, I DIDN'T EVEN ADMINISTRATE THE SLUG STICK-- HE JUST CONKED OUT COLD! HERE COMES JIMMY LAW...
THIS CHAP'S NO HARDENED GUNMAN! HE WAS SCARED SILLY-- AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS HE'S SUFFERING FROM MALNUTRITION! HARRY, PULL YOUR CAB UP! I WANT TO HEAR HIS STORY AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!

LATER, AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING, STEVE WRANGLES ON THE PHONE WITH THE POLICE CHIEF OF BIG TOWN...
YES, OF COURSE I REALIZE IT'S A CRIME TO CARRY A GUN, CHIEF! BUT THIS MAN, WARNER BENTON, HAS A WIFE AND CHILD STARVING ON SKID ROW-- AND HE JUST SNAPPED!... PLEASE RELEASE HIM IN MY CUSTODY! THERE'S SOMETHING BIGGER THAN ONE STARVING FAMILY HERE... YES, I'LL BE FULLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM -- THANKS, CHIEF KELLOG!


THANK YOU, ANYWAY, OFFICER BRET! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BEHIND US!
NOW, BENTON, I WANT THE INSIDE STORY ON SKID ROW! START FROM THE BEGINNING AND GIVE ME A COMPLETE PICTURE -- ACTUAL LIVING CONDITIONS -- UNEMPLOYMENT -- THE WORKS!

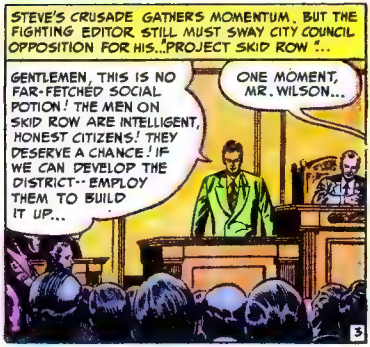

BIT BY BIT, STEVE GLEANS THE SORDID STORY BEHIND A "FORGOTTEN" SECTION OF THE CITY--HOPELESS SKID ROW...
... AND SO, DISREGARDING THE FEW SPARE HOURS YOU WORKED CLEANING THE CIRCUS TRAIN, YOU'VE BEEN UNEMPLOYED!
YES, MR. WILSON! AND MY FAMILY IS JUST ONE OF HUNDREDS ON SKID ROW WHO ARE STARVING BECAUSE SOCIETY WON'T GIVE US A CHANCE! THEY THINK WE'RE SHIFTLESS AND DISHONORABLE! WE CAN'T GET DECENT JOBS TO HELP OURSELVES!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, BENTON! LORELEI! SEND IN WALTERS AND GATES! HAVE BILL HOLD THE BANNER AND FIRST THREE COLUMNS OF PAGE ONE! ILLUSTRATED PRESS IS RUNNING A FRONT PAGE EDITORIAL!
RIGHT AWAY, STEVE!


HERE'S THE HEADLINE: "SKID ROW - A BIG TOWN BLIGHT" AND THE LEAD: "LONG ENOUGH HAVE THE CITY'S BUSINESS MEN IGNORED THE UNFORTUNATES OF SKID ROW! THESE PEOPLE MUST HAVE THE BACKING AND OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE IN BIG TOWN'S BETTER WAY OF LIFE...

NEXT DAY, PAUL COTTER, BIG TOWN'S LEADING JEWELER, READS THE MORNING PAPER WITH DISTASTE...
STEVE WILSON, THE GREAT HUMANITARIAN! BAH! HIS MILK TOAST DRIVEL HAS BEEN TURNING MY STOMACH FOR YEARS!
WHY FIGHT WILSON? YOU ALWAYS LOSE-- PLAY BALL!

PLAY BALL, EH! IF I COULD FIND AN ANGLE, HIS CRUSADE WOULD BRING A GREAT DEAL OF PUBLICITY TO MY STORES! MUM, AT TIMES YOU'RE ALMOST INTELLIGENT...
LET WILSON WORK! SHARE THE GRAVY!


STEVE'S CRUSADE GATHERS MOMENTUM, BUT THE FIGHTING EDITOR STILL MUST SWAY CITY COUNCIL OPPOSITION FOR HIS "PROJECT SKID ROW"...
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NO FAR-FETCHED SOCIAL POTION! THE MEN ON SKID ROW ARE INTELLIGENT, HONEST CITIZENS! THEY DESERVE A CHANCE! IF WE CAN DEVELOP THE DISTRICT-- EMPLOY THEM TO BUILD IT UP...
ONE MOMENT, MR. WILSON...

THE COUNCIL LISTENS WITH KEEN INTEREST AS COTTER SPEAKS...
GENTLEMEN, I'M WILLING TO PUT FIVE SKID ROW MEN IN POSITIONS OF TRUST AS ASSISTANT MANAGERS IN EACH OF MY JEWELRY STORES! THAT'S THE CONFIDENCE I HAVE IN WILSON'S PROJECT!
I SEE... STEVE, IF COTTER WILL GO THAT FAR SUPPOSE WE LET OUR DECISION REST ON THIS... THIS TEST OF HONESTY! SAY--A MONTH'S TIME!
COTTER, THANKS FOR CRAWLING ONTO MY SIDE OF THE FENCE! GLAD WE COULD GET TOGETHER AT LAST!
IT'S TIME WE STOPPED LOCKING HORNS, WILSON! YOU'RE DOING A GREAT THING! I'M BEHIND YOU ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!
LATER, LORELEI IS TOLD OF THE HAPPY TURN OF EVENTS AT THE PRESS OFFICE...
WELL, OF ALL THINGS! STEVE, YOUR CRUSADE IS SO IMPORTANT THAT EVEN YOUR ENEMIES WANT TO GIVE YOU A HAND!
YES, BUT DON'T THINK COTTER'S FORGOTTEN I EXPOSED HIM FOR OVER-CHARGING ON CREDIT JEWELRY SALES LAST YEAR! THE SLY DOG IS USING US TO PUBLICIZE HIS STORES-- BUT IT'S WORTH IT! NOW LET'S SEE BENTON! I'M PUTTING HIM IN COTTER'S MAIN STORE!
THE NEXT MORNING, SKID ROWER WARNER BENTON FINDS HIS FIRST REAL JOB...
MR. WILSON, IT'S JUST LIKE WE WERE SEEING SUNSHINE FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME! I'M-- SO HAPPY!
MRS. BENTON, WARNER IS JUST THE FORERUNNER OF HUNDREDS OF OTHERS WHO WILL FIND A BRAND NEW LIFE! GOOD LUCK, WARNER...
THANKS, STEVE!
DURING THE NEXT TEN DAYS THE HEART-BEAT OF SKID ROW QUICKENS HOPE WREATHS A SMILE ON MANY A TIRED AND DUSTY FACE...
LOOK! IT'S STEVE WILSON!--GO TO IT, STEVE! WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!
HIS EYES SHINING WITH INSPIRATION, STEVE PLANS A NEW FACE FOR SKID ROW...
...AND ACROSS THE SQUARE IS THE PERFECT SPOT FOR THE MODERN SHOPPING CENTER! WITH THE RIGHT APPROPRIATIONS WE MIGHT EVEN BUILD A SMALL PARK WHERE THAT BURNT OUT PLANT IS!

THEN THREE DAYS LATER, AT 9:30 P.M., ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 3RD, AN ALARM SOUNDS THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT...

GREAT CATS! IT'S COTTER'S JEWELRY STORE -- WHERE THAT SKID ROW GUY WORKS!

BR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R

SKID ROWER WARNER BENTON HAD DISAPPEARED AND SO HAD $100,000 IN COTTER GEMS. BY MORNING, STEVE'S OFFICE WAS A MADHOUSE...

ONE HUNDRED GRAND! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, WILSON! WHERE IS THIS... THIS TRAMP OF YOURS?

WILSON, YOU'VE RUINED THE PRESS! YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO GAMBLE MY PAPER'S REPUTATION ON A BAD PENNY! WE'LL DISCUSS THIS PRIVATELY -- LATER!

PLEASE... PLEASE, GENTLEMEN!

NOW, LOOK, CHIEF! I DON'T KNOW WHERE BENTON IS! THE ONLY PLACE HE EVER MENTIONED TO ME WAS THE CIRCUS TRAIN DOWN AT THE YARDS! HE WORKED THERE ONCE!

WELL, BY THUNDER, LET'S TRY THERE! THAT UNGRATEFUL DEVIL CAN COST ME MY JOB!

MEANWHILE... ...AND THE POLICE ARE COMBING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR BENTON AND THE $100,000 IN GEMS. THE SKID ROW THIEF, BEFRIENDED BY STEVE WILSON, LEFT HIS FINGERPRINTS WITHIN THE VAULT ITSELF AND A CUFF LINK, BEARING HIS INITIALS, WAS PICKED UP JUST OUTSIDE...

T-THEY MUSTN'T FIND ME -- I-I'VE GOT TO HIDE!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, STEVE WAITS FOR POLICE AS THEY SEARCH THE CIRCUS TRAIN. SUDDENLY...

I JUST WON'T BELIEVE IT, STEVE!

FACTS ARE FACTS! THE CUFF LINK -- HIS FINGERPRINTS INSIDE THE VAULT WHERE COTTER ALONE HANDLED THE GEMS... LORELEI, LOOK!

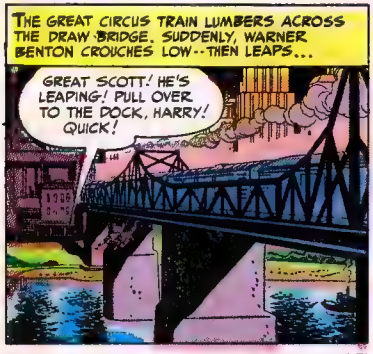
BENTON! COME DOWN OR WE'LL SHOOT!

AS BENTON IGNORES THE POLICE WARNING THE TRAIN LURCHES AHEAD AND...

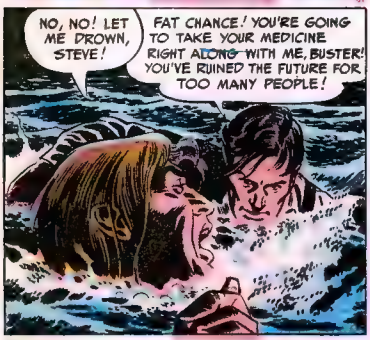
HARRY, SEE IF YOU CAN FOLLOW THAT LOAD! SHE'S MOVING OFF!

GOTCHA, MR. WILSON! WE CAN NAIL HER ACROSS THE PULL BRIDGE!

TAXI

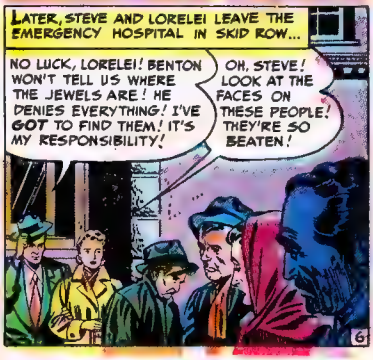

THE GREAT CIRCUS TRAIN LUMBERS ACROSS THE DRAW-BRIDGE. SUDDENLY, WARNER BENTON CROUCHES LOW--THEN LEAPS...
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S LEAPING! PULL OVER TO THE DOCK, HARRY! QUICK!

STEVE! BE CAREFUL!
DON'T WORRY, HONEY! THAT GUY'S GOT THE BEST KANGAROO CRAWL IN BIG TOWN!


NO, NO! LET ME DROWN, STEVE!
FAT CHANCE! YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE RIGHT ALONG WITH ME, BUSTER! YOU'VE RUINED THE FUTURE FOR TOO MANY PEOPLE!

JUST LET ME ALONE! I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT ANY LONGER! OW!
CHIEF! FOR PETE'S SAKE, HAVE YOUR MEN STOP SHOOTING! I'VE GOT HIM!
CRACK

JEEPS! THAT TRIGGER-HAPPY COP MIGHTA KILLED YOU WITH THIS SLUG, MR. WILSON!
DOWN HERE, CHIEF! BENTON'S OKAY! JUST A FLESH WOUND!

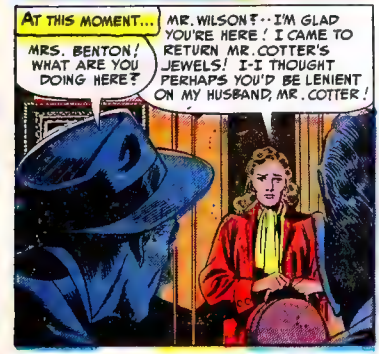

LATER, STEVE AND LORELEI LEAVE THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL IN SKID ROW...
NO LUCK, LORELEI! BENTON WON'T TELL US WHERE THE JEWELS ARE! HE DENIES EVERYTHING! I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM! IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY!
OH, STEVE! LOOK AT THE FACES ON THESE PEOPLE! THEY'RE SO BEATEN!

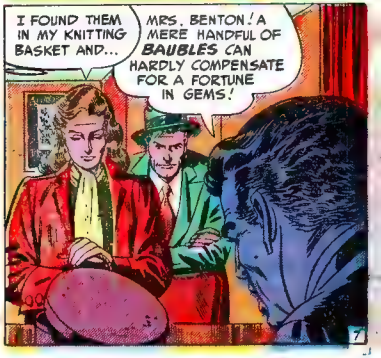
THAT EVENING A DISCOURAGED CITY EDITOR WRITES THE MOST DIFFICULT EDITORIAL OF HIS CAREER...
THERE IT IS, LORELEI! A PUBLIC APOLOGY! HAVE IT RUN ON THE FRONT PAGE! I'M GOING OVER AND GET A LIST OF THE MISSING GEMS FROM COTTER!
HARRY! WHAT IS THAT YOU'RE JUGGLING!
THIS? IT'S THE SLUG THAT ALMOST GOT YA, MR. WILSON!

HM-M-M! NASTY-LOOKING PELLET! LORELEI, LEAVE THAT COPY IN THE DRAWER FOR NOW AND COME ALONG TO COTTER'S WITH ME!

WHAT IS IT, STEVE? YOU ACT AS IF YOU'D DISCOVERED SOMETHING!
I'M NOT SURE! FIRST I WANT TO SEE IF COTTER CAN TELL ME IF ANY PARTICULAR HOOD HAD A YEN FOR THOSE GEMS! IT'S JUST A STAB!

IN PAUL COTTER'S OFFICE, STEVE'S WILD STAB HITS A BLANK WALL...
NO, NO, NO, WILSON! YOU'RE JUST STRIVING TO PROTECT A GUILTY MAN! THERE IS NO JEWEL THIEF ALIVE WHO COULD HAVE CRACKED MY VAULT WITHOUT USING SOUP!
WELL, I JUST HAD REASON TO BELIEVE IT COULD BE A FRAME!

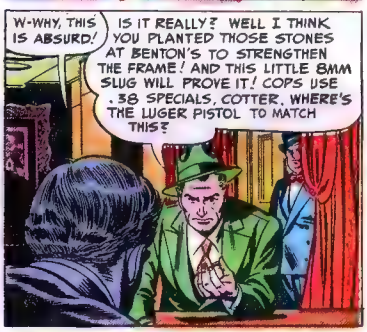

AT THIS MOMENT...
MRS. BENTON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
MR. WILSON?.. I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! I CAME TO RETURN MR. COTTER'S JEWELS! I-I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU'D BE LENIENT ON MY HUSBAND, MR. COTTER!

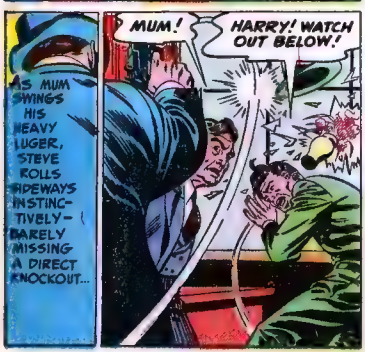

I FOUND THEM IN MY KNITTING BASKET AND...
MRS. BENTON! A MERE HANDFUL OF BAUBLES CAN HARDLY COMPENSATE FOR A FORTUNE IN GEMS!

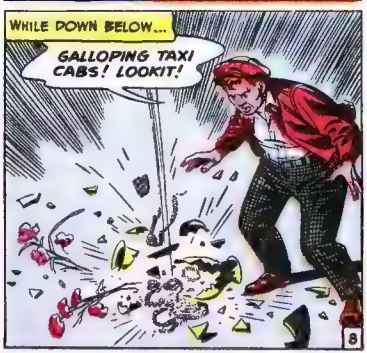
B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THERE WERE MANY MORE GEMS, MRS. BENTON! YOU'D BEST RUN ALONG--I'LL CALL ON YOU LATER!

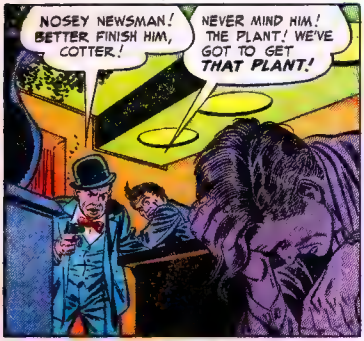
NOW, WILSON, KINDLY CLEAR OUT! I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF CRUSADING FOR THE TIME BEING... ANNA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHY, MR. COTTER, I WAS ABOUT TO THROW OUT THIS WILTED PLANT? YOU'RE ALWAYS SO PARTICULAR ABOUT FLOWERS!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, ANNA! LATER! LATER! NOW, WILSON...
COTTER, HOW DID YOU KNOW THERE WERE ONLY A HANDFUL OF GEMS IN MRS. BENTON'S HAT BOX? IT WAS BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM ALL!

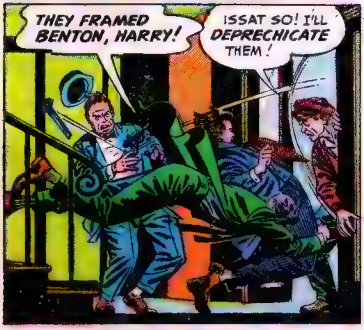

W-WHY, THIS IS ABSURD!
IS IT REALLY? WELL I THINK YOU PLANTED THOSE STONES AT BENTON'S TO STRENGTHEN THE FRAME! AND THIS LITTLE 8MM SLUG WILL PROVE IT! COPS USE .38 SPECIALS, COTTER. WHERE'S THE LUGER PISTOL TO MATCH THIS?

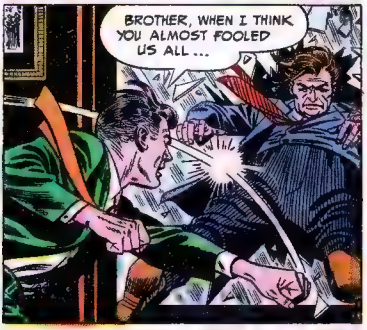

AS MUM SWINGS HIS HEAVY LUGER, STEVE ROLLS SIDEWAYS INSTINCTIVELY--BARELY MISSING A DIRECT KNOCKOUT...
MUM!
HARRY! WATCH OUT BELOW!


WHILE DOWN BELOW...
GALLOPING TAXI CABS! LOOKIT!

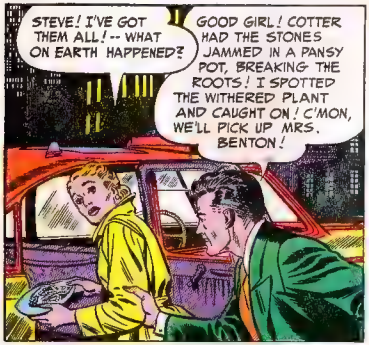


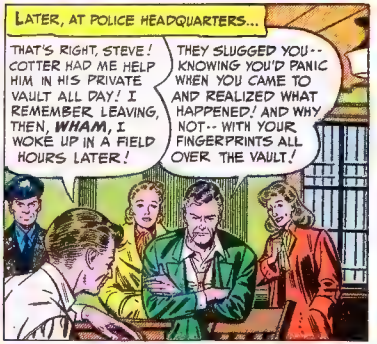
BUT AS THE PAIR RUSHES TO THE EXIT IN THE JEWELRY STORE BELOW, "HARRY THE HACK" BLOCKS THEIR FLIGHT...





WHEW! TIE THEM UP, HARRY! I'VE GOT A FORTUNE TO PICK UP OFF OF THE SIDEWALK! MEET US AT HEADQUARTERS!
IT'S OKAY, MR. WILSON! MISS KILBOURNE IS GRABBING THE ROCKS!


STEVE! I'VE GOT THEM ALL! -- WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?
GOOD GIRL! COTTER HAD THE STONES JAMMED IN A PANSY POT, BREAKING THE ROOTS! I SPOTTED THE WITHERED PLANT AND CAUGHT ON! C'MON, WE'LL PICK UP MRS. BENTON!

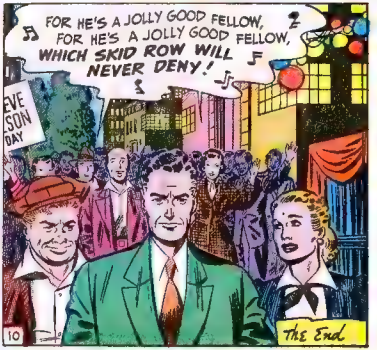

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THAT'S RIGHT, STEVE! COTTER HAD ME HELP HIM IN HIS PRIVATE VAULT ALL DAY! I REMEMBER LEAVING, THEN, WHAM, I WOKE UP IN A FIELD HOURS LATER!
THEY SLUGGED YOU-- KNOWING YOU'D PANIC WHEN YOU CAME TO AND REALIZED WHAT HAPPENED! AND WHY NOT-- WITH YOUR FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER THE VAULT!

BUT, FOLKS, HARRY REALLY DESERVES THE MEDAL! HE DUG THE 8MM SLUG OUT OF THE PIER! IT COULD COME ONLY FROM A LUGER-- AND IT MEANT SOMEBODY WANTED BENTON DEAD--BAD! THAT WAS MUM--ON COTTER'S ORDERS!

WITH THE CASE CLOSED AND THE CITIZENRY OF BIG TOWN BEHIND STEVE'S PROJECT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT, REHABILITATION OF SKID ROW PROCEEDS FULL BLAST...

WELL, STEVE, WITHIN A FEW WEEKS "PROJECT SKID ROW" WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST!
PERHAPS FOR BIG TOWN, LORELEI! BUT LET'S HOPE OTHER CITIES PROFIT BY OUR EXPERIENCE! THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERY-ONE IN SOCIETY!

AND WHEN THE PROJECT IS FINISHED THE PEOPLE OF SKID ROW DO NOT FORGET THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR HAPPINESS...
THREE CHEERS FOR STEVE WILSON!
HOORAY, STEVE!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU, VERY MUCH! BUT IT'S YOUR DAY-- AND A BANNER DAY FOR BIG TOWN!
STEVE WILSON DAY



SNAPS A CROOK

BENNIE BLAIR, 17, ENTERED A CHICAGO POST OFFICE AND NOTICED A MAN WHO HAD JUST MOVED INTO HIS BLOCK ON THE SOUTH SIDE. THE FELLOW WAS READING A "REWARD" POSTER.

AS THE MAN MOVED ON, BENNIE TOOK A LOOK AT THE POSTER. THE FIGURE ON THE POSTER LOOKED LIKE HIS NEIGHBOR, EVEN THOUGH THE HAIR WAS A DIFFERENT COLOR.

REWARD

-- WANTED

THAT LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE MY NEW NEIGHBOR.

Ben Blair

H'MMM, I'LL JUST SNAP THIS GUY'S PICTURE!

BENNIE HAD A HUNCH! THE NEXT DAY, WHEN THE MAN PASSED HIS HOUSE, HE TOOK A SNAP-SHOT, DEVELOPED SEVERAL PRINTS AND FORWARDED THEM TO THE P.O. AUTHORITIES.

A KID WITH A CAMERA WAS YOUR UNDOING! COME WITH ME.!

THE MAN, A NOTED SWINDLER, WAS PICKED UP AT ONCE AND BEN RECEIVED A BUNDLE OF CASH.... A $500 REWARD!

ADVERTISEMENT

LUCKY BLOCK

PLOP

As Neddy Nestlé hits the dirt, He groans, then clutches at his shirt

How glad I am I blocked that ball- My Crunch Bar wasn't hurt at all!

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...

NESTLE'S CRUNCH MILK CHOCOLATE

NESTLE'S CRUNCH

THE FAVORITE OF MILLIONS!

NOW!

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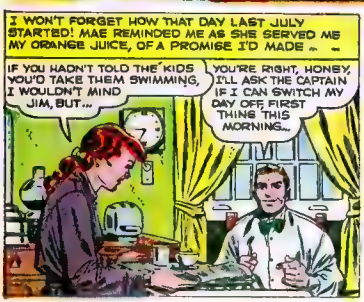
WESTERN COMICS

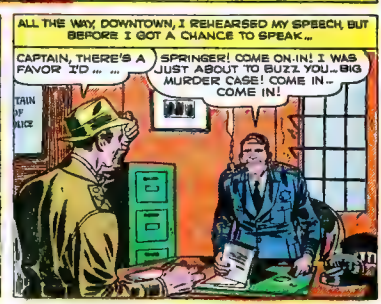
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS

ANOTHER GREAT COMICS MAGAZINE WITH THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL ON THE COVER!

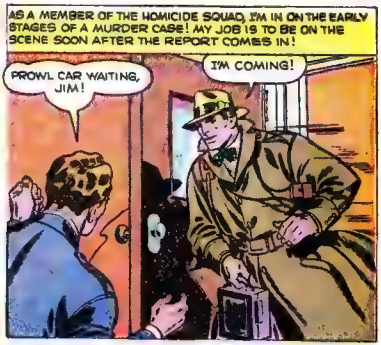
I FIGHT CRIME WITH my Camera!

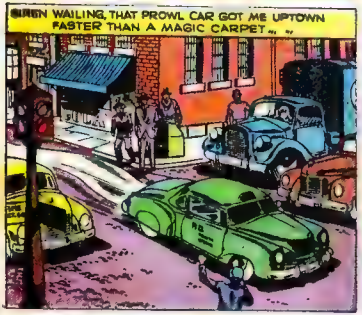
IN THE MAIN, OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT IS COMPOSED OF ALERT AND ENERGETIC PATROLMEN WHO ENFORCE THE LAW WHILE THEY'RE PATROLLING THEIR BEAT! BUT IN THE BACK OF THESE MEN-WITH-THE-BADGE ARE THE SPECIALISTS... SHREWD MEN, WHOSE SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW ENABLES THEM TO GRAPPLE WITH CRIME-TOPS AMONG THIS GROUP IS THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, DETECTIVES WHOSE SOLE MISSION IS FERRETING OUT MURDERERS! AND AMONG THE KEY MEMBERS OF THIS GROUP IS THE PHOTOGRAPHER, WHOSE PICTURES OFTEN REVEAL VITAL CLUES! HERE, THEN, IS THE BEHIND-THE-SCENE STORY OF THE MAN BEHIND THE SHUTTER!

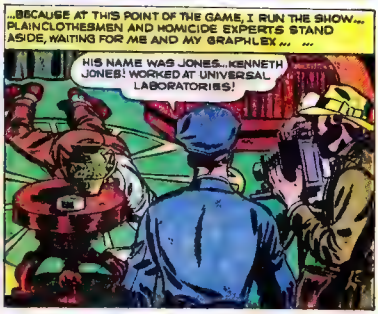

I WON'T FORGET HOW THAT DAY LAST JULY STARTED! MAE REMINDED ME AS SHE SERVED ME MY ORANGE JUICE, OF A PROMISE I'D MADE ...
IF YOU HADN'T TOLD THE KIDS YOU'D TAKE THEM SWIMMING, I WOULDN'T MIND JIM, BUT...
YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY. I'LL ASK THE CAPTAIN IF I CAN SWITCH MY DAY OFF, FIRST THING THIS MORNING...


ALL THE WAY, DOWNTOWN, I REHEARSED MY SPEECH, BUT BEFORE I GOT A CHANCE TO SPEAK...
CAPTAIN, THERE'S A FAVOR I'D ... ...
SPRINGER! COME ON IN! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO BUZZ YOU... BIG MURDER CASE! COME IN... COME IN!

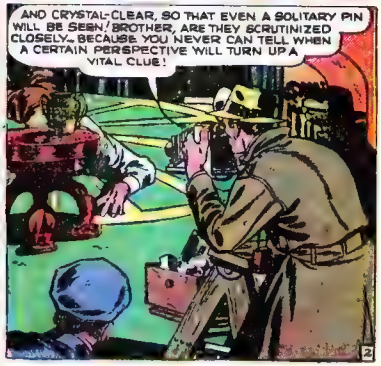
MY REQUEST WENT UP IN SMOKE...OF A KILLER'S GUN! BACK IN MY OWN OFFICE, I GATHERED MY GEAR... ...
MAE WILL BE ANGRY...AND I WON'T BLAME HER! BUT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, SHE REALIZES THAT MY BUSINESS CAN'T WAIT!
STAUNER
FLASH BULBS


AS A MEMBER OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, I'M IN ON THE EARLY STAGES OF A MURDER CASE! MY JOB IS TO BE ON THE SCENE SOON AFTER THE REPORT COMES IN!
PROWL CAR WAITING, JIM!
I'M COMING!


SIREN WAILING, THAT PROWL CAR GOT ME UPTOWN FASTER THAN A MAGIC CARPET... ...


...BECAUSE AT THIS POINT OF THE GAME, I RUN THE SHOW... PLAINCLOTHESMEN AND HOMICIDE EXPERTS STAND ASIDE, WAITING FOR ME AND MY GRAPHLEX... ...
HIS NAME WAS JONES... KENNETH JONES! WORKED AT UNIVERSAL LABORATORIES!

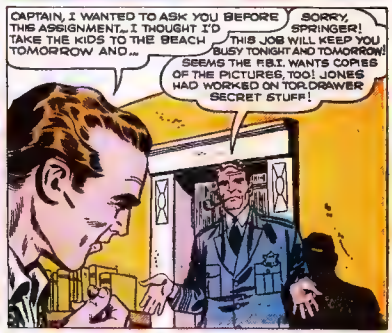
HAVE TO WORK FAST, RAY! EVERYBODY WANTS PRINTS...THE D.A.! THE CAPTAIN! HALF A DOZEN DETECTIVES! THEY MUST BE TAKEN FROM ALL ANGLES!

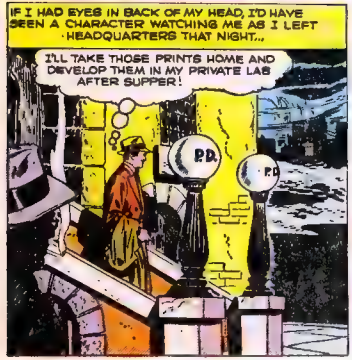

AND CRYSTAL-CLEAR, SO THAT EVEN A SOLITARY PIN WILL BE SEEN! BROTHER, ARE THEY SCRUTINIZED CLOSELY... BECAUSE YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN A CERTAIN PERSPECTIVE WILL TURN UP A VITAL CLUE!

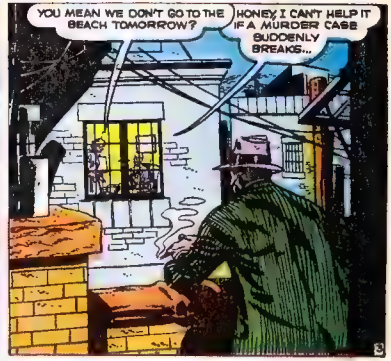
WHEN I WAS DONE, I HAD DOZENS OF SHOTS...
THIS HAS ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A MOB MURDER, BUT JONES WAS A QUIET, LITTLE GUY... NEVER MIXED WITH ANYBODY... DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A GIRL FRIEND!
UH-HUH!

I LISTENED WITH HALF AN EAR...I DON'T SOLVE MURDERS... I JUST PHOTOGRAPH THEM AND DEVELOP THE PRINTS LATER IN THE POLICE LAB... ...
NICE VARIETY, SPRINGER! THEY'LL GIVE THE BOYS SOMETHING TO WORK ON! SAY, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE BLUR ON SOME OF THE PICTURES?
I DON'T KNOW, CAPTAIN... NEVER NOTICED IT! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

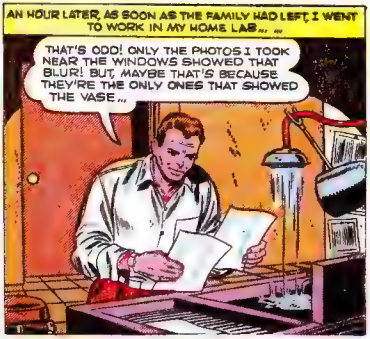
I DON'T GET IT! SOME OF THE PRINTS ARE BLURRED AND OTHERS AREN'T... WHOA! THAT VASE THERE... THAT'S WHAT CAUSED IT! MUST HAVE BEEN SUNLIGHT REFLECTING ON IT!

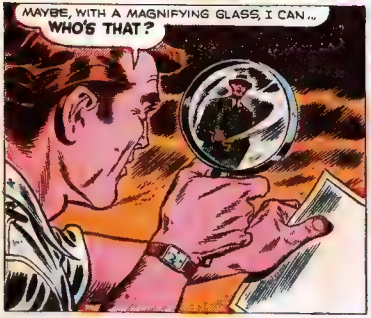

CAPTAIN, I WANTED TO ASK YOU BEFORE THIS ASSIGNMENT... I THOUGHT I'D TAKE THE KIDS TO THE BEACH TOMORROW AND...
SORRY, SPRINGER! THIS JOB WILL KEEP YOU BUSY TONIGHT AND TOMORROW! SEEMS THE F.B.I. WANTS COPIES OF THE PICTURES, TOO! JONES HAD WORKED ON TOP-DRAWER SECRET STUFF!

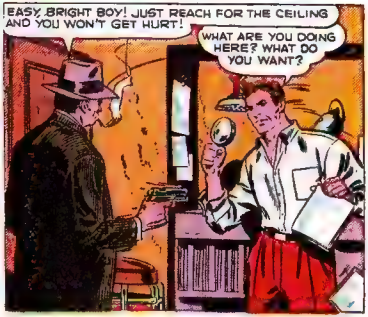

IF I HAD EYES IN BACK OF MY HEAD, I'D HAVE SEEN A CHARACTER WATCHING ME AS I LEFT HEADQUARTERS THAT NIGHT...
I'LL TAKE THOSE PRINTS HOME AND DEVELOP THEM IN MY PRIVATE LAB AFTER SUPPER!
P.D.
P.D.


YOU MEAN WE DON'T GO TO THE BEACH TOMORROW?
HONEY, I CAN'T HELP IT IF A MURDER CASE SUDDENLY BREAKS...

I KNOW, DARLING, BUT I CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE KIDS! SUPPOSE I DRIVE THEM UP TO MOTHER'S PLACE AT THE SHORE...
GOOD IDEA, HONEY! WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE TONIGHT, SO YOU CAN HAVE A FULL DAY TOMORROW AT THE BEACH?


AN HOUR LATER, AS SOON AS THE FAMILY HAD LEFT, I WENT TO WORK IN MY HOME LAB... ...
THAT'S ODD! ONLY THE PHOTOS I TOOK NEAR THE WINDOWS SHOWED THAT BLUR! BUT, MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES THAT SHOWED THE VASE...


MAYBE, WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS, I CAN...
WHO'S THAT?


EASY, BRIGHT BOY! JUST REACH FOR THE CEILING AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

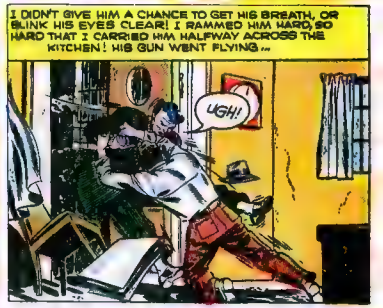
PRETTY PICTURES...THAT'S WHAT I WANT!
THOSE ARE POLICE PRINTS! YOU CAN'T STEAL THEM!

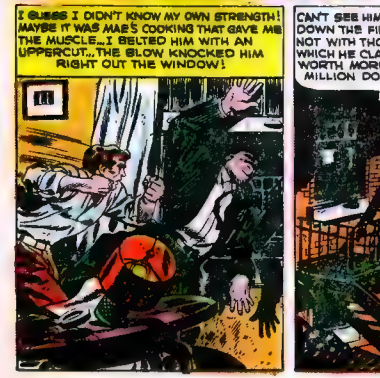
SAYS WHO? MAYBE THEY'RE WORTH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, BRIGHT BOY!
MILLIONS OF... ...? YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

KEEP THOSE MITTS OF YOURS UP IN THE AIR! GET 'EM HIGHER!
SURE, SURE, I'LL RAISE THEM... JUST HIGH ENOUGH TO...

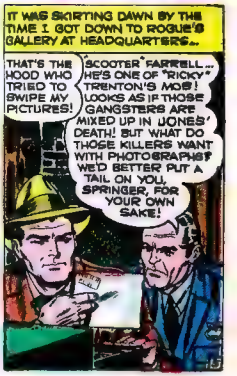
BLUB!
BANG!

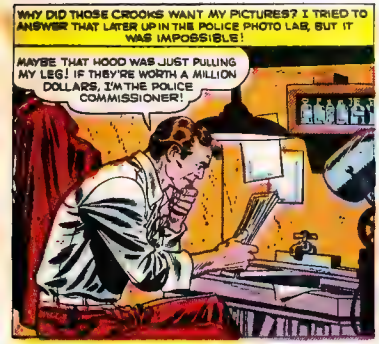
YOU'RE ALL WET, BUSTER! NOW, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD I AM AT DEVELOPING A BLACK EYE... ON YOU!

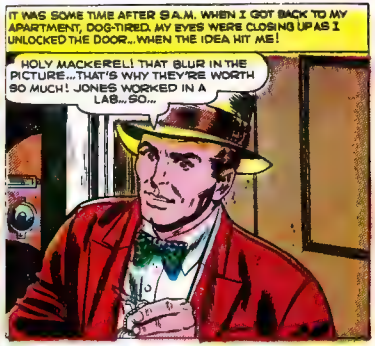

I DIDN'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GET HIS BREATH, OR BLINK HIS EYES CLEAR! I RAMMED HIM HARD, SO HARD THAT I CARRIED HIM HALFWAY ACROSS THE KITCHEN! HIS GUN WENT FLYING...
UGH!

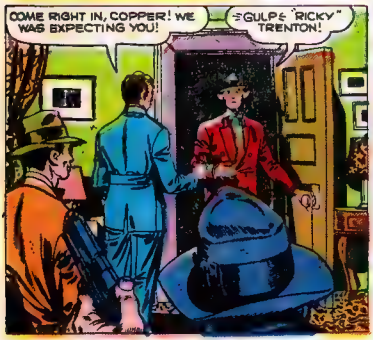

I GUESS I DIDN'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH! MAYBE IT WAS MAE'S COOKING THAT GAVE ME THE MUSCLE... I BELTED HIM WITH AN UPPERCUT... THE BLOW KNOCKED HIM RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!

CAN'T SEE HIM! HE GOT AWAY DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE, BUT NOT WITH THOSE PICTURES WHICH HE CLAIMED WERE WORTH MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS!


IT WAS SKIRTING DAWN BY THE TIME I GOT DOWN TO ROGUE'S GALLERY AT HEADQUARTERS...
THAT'S THE HOOD WHO TRIED TO SWIPE MY PICTURES!
SCOOTER FARRELL... HE'S ONE OF "RICKY" TRENTON'S MOB! LOOKS AS IF THOSE GANGSTERS ARE MIXED UP IN JONES' DEATH! BUT WHAT DO THOSE KILLERS WANT WITH PHOTOGRAPHS? WE'D BETTER PUT A TAIL ON YOU, SPRINGER, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE!

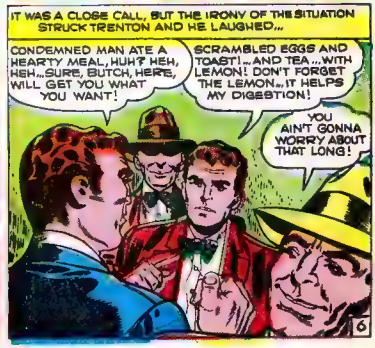

WHY DID THOSE CROOKS WANT MY PICTURES? I TRIED TO ANSWER THAT LATER UP IN THE POLICE PHOTO LAB, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE!
MAYBE THAT HOOD WAS JUST PULLING MY LEG! IF THEY'RE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS, I'M THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!

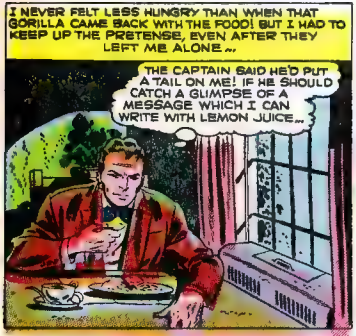

IT WAS SOME TIME AFTER 9 A.M. WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY APARTMENT, DOG-TIRED. MY EYES WERE CLOSING UP AS I UNLOCKED THE DOOR... WHEN THE IDEA HIT ME!
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT BLUR IN THE PICTURE... THAT'S WHY THEY'RE WORTH SO MUCH! JONES WORKED IN A LAB... SO...


COME RIGHT IN, COPPER! WE WAS EXPECTING YOU!
=GULP= "RICKY" TRENTON!

MAYBE YOU GUESSED WHY THE FILM BLURRED... THAT'S TOO BAD, COPPER... IT MEANS WE GOT TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING... YOU CAN'T KILL A COP! AND...

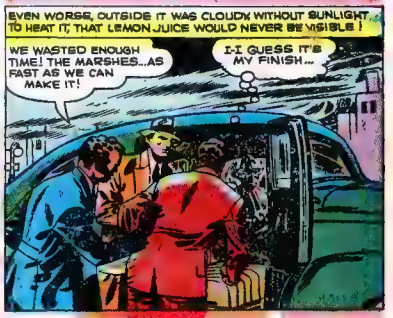
TRENTON'S LITTLE EYES GLAZED. I WAS THINKING FAST...
YOU THINK SO? I AIN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH YOU! SO, ON YOUR FEET... WE GOT A DATE OVER IN THE MARSHES! I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB ANYBODY SO EARLY WITH GUNSHOTS!
HOW ABOUT A LAST MEAL? YOU KNOW THE CONDEMNED MAN ALWAYS HAS A HEARTY MEAL!


IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, BUT THE IRONY OF THE SITUATION STRUCK TRENTON AND HE LAUGHED...
CONDEMNED MAN ATE A HEARTY MEAL, HUH? HEH, HEH... SURE, BUTCH, HERE, WILL GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT!
SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOAST!... AND TEA ... WITH LEMON! DON'T FORGET THE LEMON... IT HELPS MY DIGESTION!
YOU AIN'T GONNA WORRY ABOUT THAT LONG!


I NEVER FELT LESS HUNGRY THAN WHEN THAT GORILLA CAME BACK WITH THE FOOD! BUT I HAD TO KEEP UP THE PRETENSE, EVEN AFTER THEY LEFT ME ALONE...
THE CAPTAIN SAID HE'D PUT A TAIL ON ME! IF HE SHOULD CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A MESSAGE WHICH I CAN WRITE WITH LEMON JUICE...

UNDER HEAT, LEMON JUICE BECOMES VISIBLE! WHEN THE SUN SHINES ON THIS, IT WILL SHOW UP CLEARLY...WHOEVER IS TAILING ME WILL KNOW WHERE THOSE KILLERS TOOK ME!
TRENTON'S

IT WAS A DESPERATE STAB, BUT I HAD TO DO SOMETHING! BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, JUST AS WE WERE LEAVING...
ANYBODY SEES YOUR WINDOW SHADE PULLED DOWN, THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE SLEEPING LATE...LET'S GO OUT THE BACK WAY!
GOOD GRAVY! NOW NOBODY WILL EVER SEE MY MESSAGE!

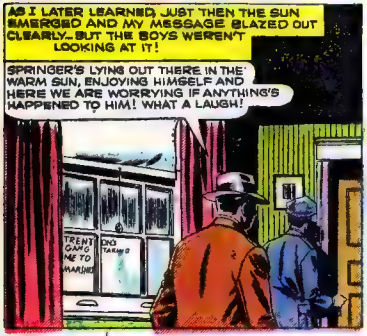

EVEN WORSE, OUTSIDE IT WAS CLOUDY WITHOUT SUNLIGHT TO HEAT IT, THAT LEMON JUICE WOULD NEVER BE VISIBLE!
WE WASTED ENOUGH TIME! THE MARSHES...AS FAST AS WE CAN MAKE IT!
I-I GUESS IT'S MY FINISH...

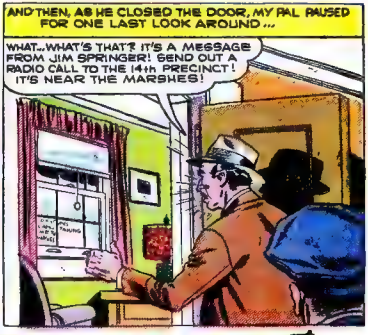
JUST AS TRENTON'S CAR TURNED THE CORNER...
HEADQUARTERS TOLD ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON SPRINGER... I JUST GOT HERE... BETTER CHECK AND SEE IF EVERYTHING'S OKAY!
HE MUST STILL BE SLEEPING! HIS SHADES ARE PULLED DOWN!
KNOCK KNOCK

NO ANSWER! MAYBE HE'S ASLEEP AND MAYBE HE ISN'T, BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE!
I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!

NOTHING HERE!
NOT EVEN JIM SPRINGER, AND THAT WORRIES ME! HE WAS DEAD-TIRED FROM WORKING IN THE LAB ALL NIGHT!

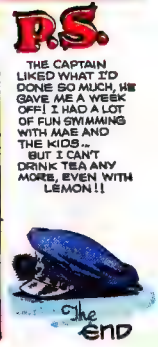
HMM, FRESHLY SCRAMBLED EGGS, HE ATE 'EM RECENTLY.. THAT MEANS HE DIDN'T GO TO SLEEP AT ALL! SAY..HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO ASK THE CAPTAIN ABOUT GOING SWIMMING WITH HIS KIDS... I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE HE'S GONE!
NO SENSE IN HANGING AROUND THEN, LET'S BLOW!


AS I LATER LEARNED, JUST THEN THE SUN EMERGED AND MY MESSAGE BLAZED OUT CLEARLY..BUT THE BOYS WEREN'T LOOKING AT IT!
SPRINGER'S LYING OUT THERE IN THE WARM SUN, ENJOYING HIMSELF AND HERE WE ARE WORRYING IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! WHAT A LAUGH!


AND THEN, AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR, MY PAL PAUSED FOR ONE LAST LOOK AROUND...
WHAT...WHAT'S THAT? IT'S A MESSAGE FROM JIM SPRINGER! SEND OUT A RADIO CALL TO THE 14th PRECINCT! IT'S NEAR THE MARSHES!

I WAS TAKING A LONG, LAST LOOK DOWN THE BARREL OF "RICKY" TRENTON'S SNUB-NOSED AUTOMATIC (THE SAME GUN WHICH HAD KILLED KENNETH JONES,) WHEN THE BOYS CRASHED THE PARTY...
UP WITH YOUR HANDS...ALL OF YOU! SPRINGER, YOU ALL RIGHT?
FINE! BUT I WANT TO GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! I'VE GOT NEWS... JONES STOLE SOME URANIUM...HE TRIED TO DOUBLE-CROSS "RICKY" TRENTON! THEY PLANNED TO DELIVER IT TO SUBMARINES WHICH WOULD PICK IT UP! ...AND THEY KILLED HIM!

JONES HID THE URANIUM... "RICKY" TRENTON HAD TO KNOW WHERE! HE WANTED MY PICTURES BECAUSE HE KNEW URANIUM AFFECTS PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM BY BLURRING OR STREAKING IT! THE URANIUM'S IN THAT LEAD VASE, JUST WHERE MOST OF MY PICTURES BLURRED! THAT BLUR WAS THE GIVEAWAY, BUT I ALMOST FOUND IT OUT TOO LATE!


P.S.
THE CAPTAIN LIKED WHAT I'D DONE SO MUCH, HE GAVE ME A WEEK OFF! I HAD A LOT OF FUN SWIMMING WITH MAE AND THE KIDS... BUT I CAN'T DRINK TEA ANY MORE, EVEN WITH LEMON!!
THE END

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STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, AND BUY A RIDE WITH **SUPERBOY.** ONLY FIVE CENTS. STEP RIGHT UP...

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LATER...

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE, FOLKS. ONLY FIVE CENTS TO WITNESS THE MIGHTY **BOY OF STEEL** DEMONSTRATE HIS STRENGTH.

LOOK! HE'S TWISTING A BAR OF STEEL!

GOSH, **SUPERBOY**, YOU SURE HELPED US OUT. TOGETHER WITH THE MONEY IN OUR TREASURY, WE NOW HAVE OVER $25 WITH WHICH TO BUY CHRISTMAS BASKETS OF FOOD FOR SOME POOR FAMILIES.

WHY NOT GET GIFTS FOR THEM? THAT WON'T SEEM SO MUCH LIKE CHARITY.

I'VE GOT AN EVEN BETTER IDEA. WHY NOT GIVE THE MONEY TO THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS BUREAU?

BUT THE BUREAU JUST COLLECTS MONEY AND GIVES CHECKS TO THE PARENTS OF THE FAMILIES. WE'D LIKE TO PICK THINGS OUT OURSELVES!

THAT'S JUST IT. THE PARENTS OF POOR FAMILIES WOULD LIKE TO BUY THINGS FOR THEIR KIDS **THEMSELVES.** THE BUREAU ENABLES THEM TO DO THAT WITH DIGNITY.

REMEMBER, KIDS, IT'S WONDERFUL TO WANT TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE, BUT THE **WAY** YOU HELP THEM IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT, TOO!

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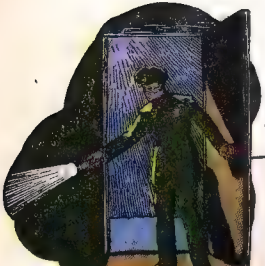


The OPEN DOOR

By Ewald Ludwig

"WHO'S in the ready room, Sarge?" asked Lieutenant Collins.

"Well, there's Peters, and—"

"Peters will do. Send him over to the 23rd Precinct. They're short a patrolman, and want to borrow a man for the night. Pulled most of their squad off routine, and put them on that dump job."

Two minutes later, a grumbling Peters stood in the vestibule of a subway car, talking to himself.

"Boy, do I get pushed around! Five years on the cops, and still a copper. Five years trvin' doors, and writin' parkin' tickets, and helpin' old ladies across the street. Me, who started out to be an ace detective, and still nothin' but a deuce of clubs 'Go over,' says he, 'to the twenty thoid preecint, and report to the lootenant for dooty.' "

With a grunt of disgust, Peters got off at his stop, and walked the two blocks to the Police Station.

"Patrolman Peters, of the 16th, reporting for duty, sir," he said to Lieutenant Williams at the desk.

"Know this neighborhood, Peters?" asked Williams.

"Not too good," replied Peters.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Your beat will be from 1st to 3rd Avenues, and from 29th to 34th Streets. Call in every hour, as usual—boxes on the avenues. That's all."

"Here I go again," sighed Peters, as he stepped out into the street. "Midnight, and all's well. It never fails. Wonder if I'll ever get a break?"

A few hours later, Peters noticed a narrow alley, which he had missed the first time around. The section was a prosperous one, and the stores on the street front were substantial and well-kept. The alley was clean and neat, he noticed.

"Guess I'll breeze through here, and—just for a change—try a few doors."

He did so.

The third door opened to his touch. He whistled to himself, and went in. The room was dark, and as he switched on his flash, he saw that it was large, and almost bare. There were a few cabinets around the walls, and as the torch swept to the center, he saw a large table. Peters almost dropped his flash!

Two bodies, fully clothed, were stretched out on the top of it! He touched them. They were cold and stiff—had been dead for hours. Peters clicked on the ceiling lights — looked around.

"Whew! Isn't this something?" he exclaimed, and sought a phone. There was none, but he saw a passage running toward the front. He went through the hall, found an office, and a phone on the desk. With trembling fingers, he dialed the number.

"Patrolman Peters. I've just found two stiffs in a back room in Broadway Alley. Shot through the back of the head, and—"

"Where did you say you were, Peters?" drawled the voice of Lieutenant Williams.

"Broadway Alley, sir—these guys were bumped off, and—"

"Yeah, I know," sneered Williams. "Do you happen to know where you are, Bub? I'll tell you. You're in the embalming room of the Midtown Funeral Parlors, that's where. Those guys were knocked off some time last night. Taken for a ride and shot. We found them this morning, and the new coroner had them brought to the nearest undertakers, naturally. We've been working on the case—that's why we're short-

handed, which is why we asked for you. Get it?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Just leave those two ex-gangsters lay, and get back on your beat. And don't slam the door behind you. That's all."

And Peters was cut off with a bang.

But Peters did not immediately close the door behind him. Surprised at his discoveries, he certainly had been—and shaken, too. But before calling the Station House, he had noticed a few things. And now he was looking out through the plate-glass show windows from the dark office. He spelled out the silhouetted words outlined by the street lights.

The big sign that sprawled across the window was easy enough to make out, even if it was like mirror writing—Midtown Funeral Parlors. And then down in the corner he spelled out the smaller word—Prop. for proprietor. Slowly, he deciphered the name above it—A. Maddon. It added up.

A couple of minutes later, against all regulations, Patrolman Peters marched through the doors of the 23rd Precinct Station, and confronted a surprised and angry Police Lieutenant.

"What are you doing here? Why aren't you on your beat?" he snarled.

"Well, Lieutenant, I figured you don't need me any more around here. Your own men can go back to pounding the pavements again," smiled Peters.

"Oh, yeah? I'll have you up on charges unless you can give me some good reasons for being off your post," said Williams grimly.

"Well, I've only got one reason, Lieutenant, but it is a good one. I know who killed those two guys."

"What?" shouted Williams, and then broke into a loud laugh.

"Don't laugh. You told me that those fellows were taken for a ride and shot. It's the other way around. They were *shot*, and then taken for a *ride*. And they were killed in the very room I found them."

"You're nuts," said Williams. "We brought those stiffs in there ourselves."

"Sure you did," agreed Peters. "And none of you had the slightest excuse for doing anything but just that. You brought them in, dumped them on the slab, and left. But in my case, when I first entered that room, I really thought I had stumbled onto something. Obviously, I thought right away that the killings had occurred on the spot. How should I know it was the back room of a mortician? So I just assumed that the murders *were* committed in that room, and went to work on that basis.

"I found plenty of evidence. Both were killed with a .44. As you probably know, one of the bullets went clean through the little guy's skull. I found it in the woodwork. Here it is."

Peters handed up a flattened blood-specked piece of lead. Williams stared, and took it.

"Go on," he said quietly.

"I know a little about bloodstains," said Peters. "There were two kinds in that room—on the floor. Somebody had tried to wipe them up. But not all of them. They just concentrated on the stains made at the time of the killing. They missed a few of those spots. These stains were from a fresh wound. The others, which they didn't bother to clean, occurred when the cold lifeless bodies were *brought back*.

"I looked for a gun. I found one in the desk drawer in the office. Here it is, and it's recently been fired. Just smell it. And there are two bullets missing."

Peters brought out from his pocket the gun wrapped in a handkerchief.

"I told you I didn't know this neighborhood very well. That's true—now. But I lived around here when I was a kid. One of my classmates was a chap named Arthur Madden. That was how he spelled it then. He was sent to a reformatory for theft. That's the last I heard of him until about a year ago, when I saw his picture and name in the paper. It was spelled the way it is now—Maddon. He was one of a bunch of gamblers picked up in a dice game. They let him go—no evidence."

"I pushed aside the slab on which those two bodies lay. Just enough to see some green cloth underneath. That's an old pool table. They like to use them for dice games. That undertaker business is just a front for Madden. I'll make you a bet, Lieutenant. I'll bet the prints on that gun are Madden's. He did the job."

"No bet," grinned Williams. "What else do you know about him?"

"Well, one of the things he stole in school was my watch, and I've been sore at him ever since."

Two days later, Peters reported in at the 23rd Precinct. He was not in his uniform.

"Chief tells me you're going to take a couple days leave," said Lieutenant Collins. "Expect to do anything special?"

"Yep," replied *Detective* Peters. "I'm going to get used to my new clothes."

BIG TOWN

ILLUSTRATED
PRESS
BUILDING
TAXI
FEW RACKETS FIND A SAFE HAVEN IN BIG TOWN WHERE STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, TAKES UP THE MIGHTY PEN TO DO BATTLE WITH CRIME! AND OF ALL THE COUNTLESS STORIES POUNDED OUT BY CLACKING TYPEWRITERS IN THE CITY ROOM, FEW WILL BE REMEMBERED AS VIVIDLY BY THE COURAGEOUS NEWSPAPERMAN AS THE ONE HERALDING THE CLASH WITH A VICIOUS MOB WHOSE GUNS WERE AIMED AT HARRY THE HACK, STEVE'S CLOSE FRIEND, IN THE CELEBRATED CASE-ON-WHEELS CALLED...
"The FLAG of DOOM!"
DAN BARRY

ON THE THROBBING MAIN STEM, THE HEART OF BIG TOWN, ONE OF THE CITY'S THOUSANDS OF CABBIES, HARRY THE HACK, WAITS OUTSIDE THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING FOR STEVE WILSON. SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT, DRIVER! WE'LL NEED YOU FOR A MOMENT-- CAN'T WAIT FOR A SQUAD CAR! GET GOING!

GLAD TO OBLIGATE, OFFICERS, BUT...

TAXI

NO "BUTS!" FOLLOW THAT GREEN SEDAN! STEP ON IT!

THEN, A NOT TOO UNFAMILIAR SCENE... A GRIM CHASE UP ONE OF BIG TOWN'S TRAFFIC-CHOKED STREETS...

THAT GETAWAY CAR'S ACTIN' CRAZY! I THINK WE GOT A TIRE!

BLAM

AT THE NEXT MOMENT, IN FRONT OF THE MORLEY SQUARE THEATER, THE SEDAN COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP AGAINST THE CURB, AND HARRY-- UNABLE TO BRAKE TO A HALT-- SLAMS INTO ITS SIDE!

THERE THEY ARE, BOYS-- TRYIN' TO MINGLE WITH THE CROWD COMIN' OUT OF THE MOVIES! GET 'EM!

CRASH

AND THEN, JUST AS SUDDENLY AS THE CHASE BEGAN--IT ENDS!

OKAY--EVERYBODY KEEP BACK!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS-- COME ALONG!

GREAT! IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T DEPRECIATE HELPIN' OUT THE LAW, BUT EVERYBODY FINISHES ACTIVITIES AN' GOES HOME AN' LEAVES ME WIT' A BUSTED-UP HACK!

HAVING TROUBLES, CABBIE?
TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE MONOCLE, MISTER! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE GAININ' AN OCCUPATION WITH THIS LIMOU--LIMOUSER--(UH) WITH THIS HACK, AN' LOOK... IT'LL BE OUT O' ACTION FOR A WEEK!

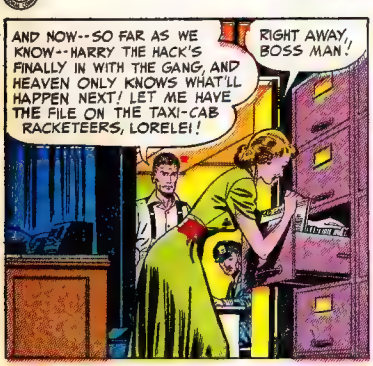
YEAH--I SAW EVERYTHING AS I CAME OUT O' THE SHOW! I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEIN' MAD! THE COPS USE YOU-- THEN WALK AWAY LEAVIN' YOU WITH A CRIPPLED CAB! HMMM-- BUT YOU'RE LUCKY I'M HERE! I CAN DO YOU SOME GOOD!
WHATTA YOU MEAN?

I'VE GOT GOOD WORK FOR CABBIES! THE PAYS TOPS! UH--OF COURSE, EVERYTHING'S NOT EXACTLY LEGAL LIKE! THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED!
LOOK, BUD, IF YOU'RE REFERRING TO MY CONSCIENTIOUS, I AIN'T GOT NONE! I'M STRICTLY IN A 'HOLE, SEE--BEHIND THE OLD EIGHT BALL--AND I'M LISTENIN' TO YOU!

BUT AS HARRY THE HACK AND THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER DRIVE AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, FIGURES WATCH FROM A WINDOW IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...

THERE THEY GO, STEVE! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S WORKING OUT ALL RIGHT!
YOU THINK HARRY THE HACK WILL BE ALL RIGHT, MR. WILSON?
KNOWING HARRY, I'D SAY YES!

WHAT FLAHERTY DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT AFTER HE WAS SEEN GOING INTO THE MOVIES WE STAGED THAT WHOLE CHASE SCENE-- BLANK BULLETS AND ALL--TO COINCIDE WITH THE MOVIE BREAK! WE PLANNED EVERYTHING SO HE'D SEE HARRY'S SMASHED CAB AND OFFER HIM A PROPOSITION!

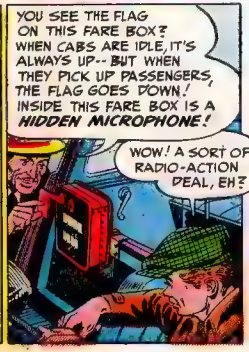

AND NOW--SO FAR AS WE KNOW--HARRY THE HACK'S FINALLY IN WITH THE GANG, AND HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT! LET ME HAVE THE FILE ON THE TAXI-CAB RACKETEERS, LORELEI!
RIGHT AWAY, BOSS MAN!

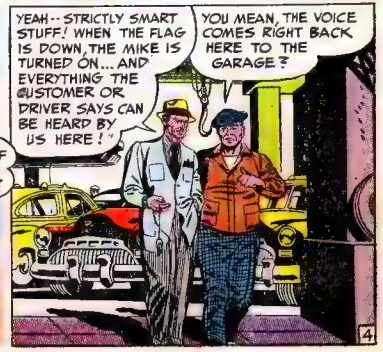
"THE GANG HAS OPERATED IN BIG TOWN FOR BETTER THAN FIVE MONTHS NOW--AND WE KNOW HOW THEY DO IT! A CAB PICKS UP A WEALTHY COUPLE, THEN ..."
TO THE MARINO CLUB, MISTUH!
WE'RE REALLY GOIN' TO SEE BIG TOWN, HONEY! TEXAS SHORE AIN'T LIKE THIS!
RICH GUY FROM TEXAS! HE'S PROBABLY GOT PLENTY ON 'IM!

"BUT AS THE CAB REACHES ITS DESTINATION, A SEDAN IS WAITING. THUGS THEN APPROACH THE PASSENGERS..."
GIMME YOUR WALLET, PAL! AN' DON'T MAKE ANY FOOLISH NOISES! THE LADY CAN TAKE OFF HER JEWELRY!
WHY, YUH CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS...
DEAR! HE'S GOT A GUN! DO AS HE SAYS!

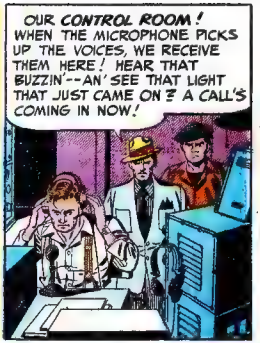
WE CAN SMASH THE GANG AND THEIR FLEET OF CABS, BUT THAT WON'T BRING IN THE LEADER FOR US! AS SOON AS WE HIT, HE WILL GO INTO HIDING! WE WANT THE BIG BRAINS BEHIND IT ALL, AND WE'RE HOPING HARRY CAN FIND OUT WHO HE IS!

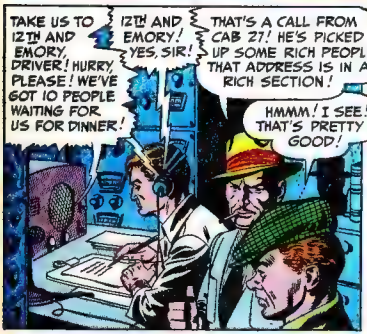
HARRY THE HACK, MEANWHILE, HAS BEEN TAKEN TO A LARGE DOWN-TOWN TAXI GARAGE, AND THERE, AFTER MEETING SEVERAL HOODLUMS, HE IS SHOWN THE FINE POINTS OF THE OPERATION BY FLAHERTY...

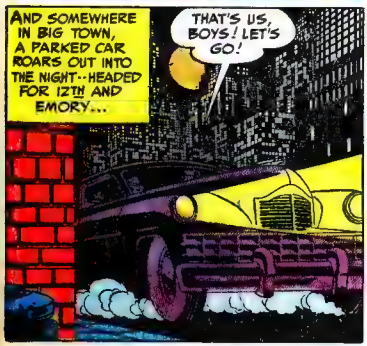

YOU SEE THE FLAG ON THIS FARE BOX? WHEN CABS ARE IDLE, IT'S ALWAYS UP--BUT WHEN THEY PICK UP PASSENGERS, THE FLAG GOES DOWN. INSIDE THIS FARE BOX IS A HIDDEN MICROPHONE!
WOW! A SORT OF RADIO-ACTION DEAL, EH?

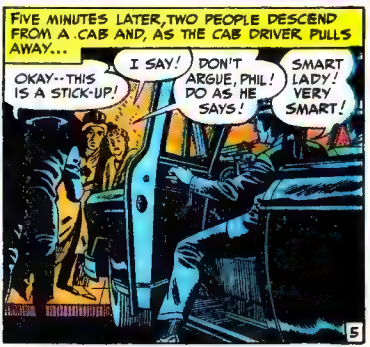

YEAH--STRICTLY SMART STUFF! WHEN THE FLAG IS DOWN, THE MIKE IS TURNED ON... AND EVERYTHING THE CUSTOMER OR DRIVER SAYS CAN BE HEARD BY US HERE!
YOU MEAN, THE VOICE COMES RIGHT BACK HERE TO THE GARAGE?

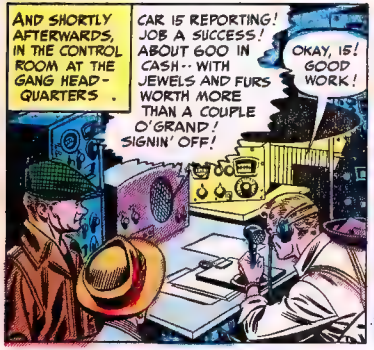
A BUTTON IS PRESSED, A DOOR SLIDES INTO THE WALL, AND THEY ENTER A ROOM FILLED WITH RADIO-SENDING AND RECEIVING EQUIPMENT...

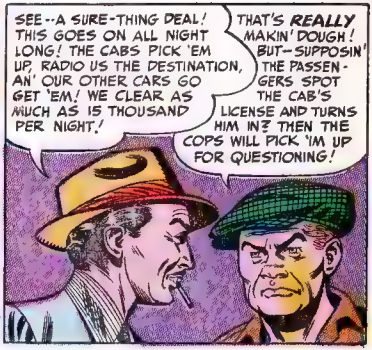

OUR CONTROL ROOM! WHEN THE MICROPHONE PICKS UP THE VOICES, WE RECEIVE THEM HERE! HEAR THAT BUZZIN'--AN' SEE THAT LIGHT THAT JUST CAME ON? A CALL'S COMING IN NOW!

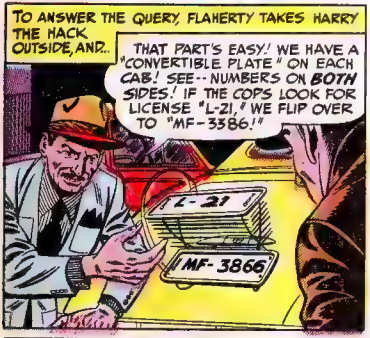

TAKE US TO 12TH AND EMORY, DRIVER! HURRY, PLEASE! WE'VE GOT 10 PEOPLE WAITING FOR US FOR DINNER!
12TH AND EMORY! YES, SIR!
THAT'S A CALL FROM CAB 27! HE'S PICKED UP SOME RICH PEOPLE! THAT ADDRESS IS IN A RICH SECTION!
HMMM! I SEE! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD!

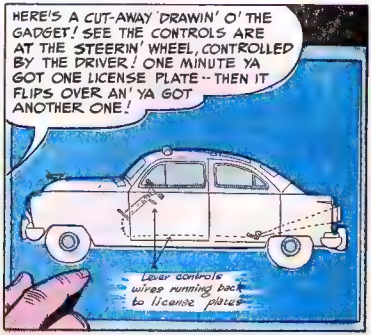



FIVE MINUTES LATER, TWO PEOPLE DESCEND FROM A CAB AND, AS THE CAB DRIVER PULLS AWAY...
OKAY--THIS IS A STICK-UP!
I SAY!
DON'T ARGUE, PHIL! DO AS HE SAYS!
SMART LADY! VERY SMART!


AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, IN THE CONTROL ROOM AT THE GANG HEADQUARTERS.
CAR 15 REPORTING! JOB A SUCCESS! ABOUT 600 IN CASH -- WITH JEWELS AND FURS WORTH MORE THAN A COUPLE O'GRAND! SIGNIN' OFF!
OKAY, 15! GOOD WORK!

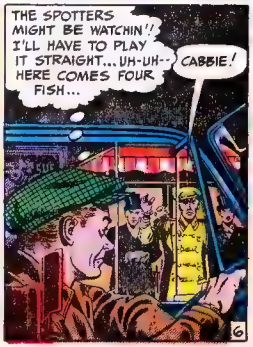

SEE -- A SURE-THING DEAL! THIS GOES ON ALL NIGHT LONG! THE CABS PICK 'EM UP, RADIO US THE DESTINATION, AN' OUR OTHER CARS GO GET 'EM! WE CLEAR AS MUCH AS 15 THOUSAND PER NIGHT!
THAT'S REALLY MAKIN' DOUGH! BUT -- SUPPOSIN' THE PASSENGERS SPOT THE CAB'S LICENSE AND TURNS HIM IN? THEN THE COPS WILL PICK 'IM UP FOR QUESTIONING!


TO ANSWER THE QUERY, FLAHERTY TAKES HARRY THE HACK OUTSIDE, AND..
THAT PART'S EASY! WE HAVE A "CONVERTIBLE PLATE" ON EACH CAB! SEE -- NUMBERS ON BOTH SIDES! IF THE COPS LOOK FOR LICENSE "L-21," WE FLIP OVER TO "MF-3386!"
L-21
MF-3866


HERE'S A CUT-AWAY 'DRAWIN' O' THE GADGET! SEE THE CONTROLS ARE AT THE STEERIN' WHEEL, CONTROLLED BY THE DRIVER! ONE MINUTE YA GOT ONE LICENSE PLATE -- THEN IT FLIPS OVER AN' YA GOT ANOTHER ONE!
Lever controls wires running back to license plates

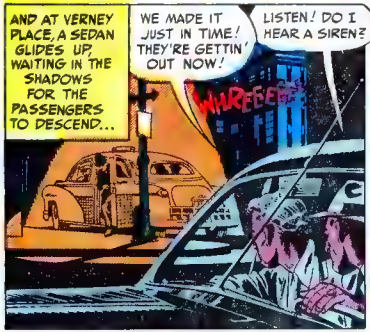
I CAN'T MISS, FLAHERTY! WHEN DO I GO TO WORK?
TONIGHT -- RIGHT NOW! BUT REMEMBER, WE'VE GOT SPOTTERS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE CITY -- JUST LIKE THE LEGIT TAXI INSPECTORS! DON'T MAKE ANY BAD MOVES, KID!
TAXI

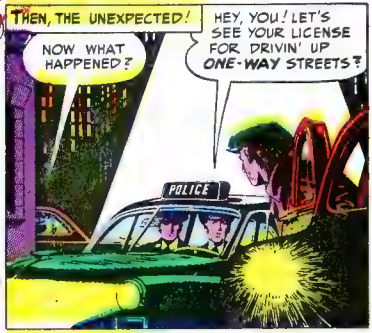
AFTERWARDS, HARRY THE HACK PROWLS THE STREETS, STOPPING ONLY IN FRONT OF SWANK NIGHT CLUBS, HOTELS AND EXPENSIVE APARTMENT BUILDINGS. FINALLY...!



SURE--I'VE GOT TO PLAY IT STRAIGHT--BUT I CAN'T LET THESE PEOPLE GET ROBBED...I'VE GOT TO OUTSMART THE GANG, IF I CAN...
VERNEY PLACE, DRIVER!

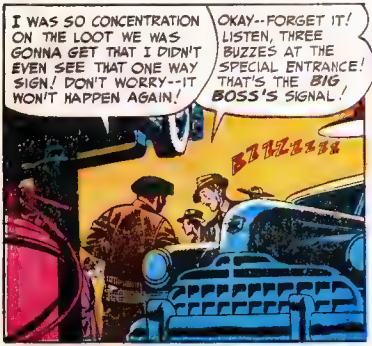
AT THE CONTROL ROOM...
CAR 9--GO TO VERNEY PLACE! CAR 9--GO TO VERNEY PLACE!

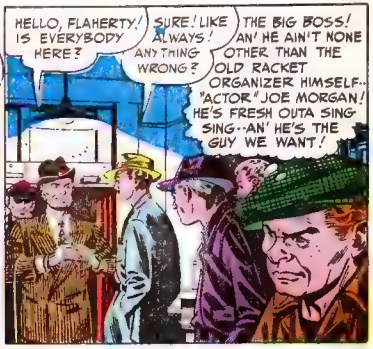

AND AT VERNEY PLACE, A SEDAN GLIDES UP, WAITING IN THE SHADOWS FOR THE PASSENGERS TO DESCEND...
WE MADE IT JUST IN TIME! THEY'RE GETTIN' OUT NOW!
LISTEN! DO I HEAR A SIREN?
WHRFEEE!


THEN, THE UNEXPECTED!
NOW WHAT HAPPENED?
HEY, YOU! LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE FOR DRIVIN' UP ONE-WAY STREETS?
POLICE

GEE, OFFICER! I'M SORRY!
OKAY-- BUT WATCH IT NEXT TIME!
IT'S OKAY, HARRY-- WE KNOW THE WHOLE DEAL! THIS IS ONE JOB YOU STOPPED 'EM ON! TAKE IT EASY!

LATER, BACK AT THE GARAGE...
YOU SAP! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN EXPERIENCED DRIVER! WOTTA YA MEAN DRIVIN' UP A ONE-WAY STREET AN' BRINGIN' THE COPS AFTER YA?
LOOK--I WAS A LITTLE BIT NERVOUS! IT WAS MY FIRST JOB! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT-- UTTER PERFECTIONIST?

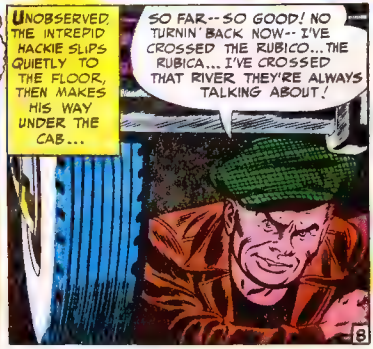

I WAS SO CONCENTRATION ON THE LOOT WE WAS GONNA GET THAT I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THAT ONE WAY SIGN! DON'T WORRY--IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
OKAY--FORGET IT! LISTEN, THREE BUZZES AT THE SPECIAL ENTRANCE! THAT'S THE BIG BOSS'S SIGNAL!
BUZZZZZ

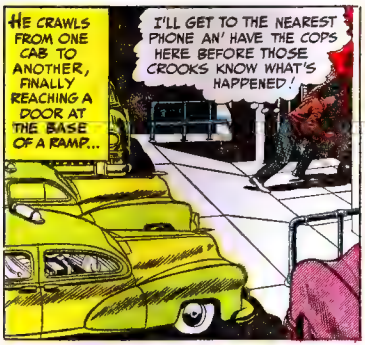

HELLO, FLAHERTY! IS EVERYBODY HERE?
SURE! LIKE ALWAYS! ANYTHING WRONG?
THE BIG BOSS! AN' HE AIN'T NONE OTHER THAN THE OLD RACKET ORGANIZER HIMSELF--"ACTOR" JOE MORGAN! HE'S FRESH OUTA SING SING--AN' HE'S THE GUY WE WANT!

NOTHING'S WRONG, BOYS--EXCEPT I'VE BEEN INVESTING HEAVILY IN SOME REAL ESTATE, AND WE'VE GOT TO MORE THAN DOUBLE THE INCOME FROM OUR--ER--"CAB BUSINESS!" I'VE GOT A SENSATIONAL IDEA! LISTEN...

WE'RE DOING GOOD BUSINESS HERE IN BIG TOWN--BUT THAT'S NOT ENOUGH! I'M THINKING OF SYNDICATING OUR RACKET--SPREADING OUT TO EVERY BIG CITY! WE'LL COVER THE WHOLE COUNTRY!
WHEW! THAT'S A BIG ORDER, BOSS! WE'LL NEED A LOT MORE CABS AND DRIVERS!

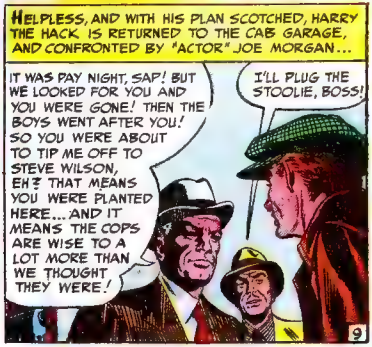
I'LL GET CABS--AND DRIVERS! I'LL GET HUNDREDS OF THEM--WE'RE GOING TO BRANCH OUT FROM COAST TO COAST--FROM THE GULF TO CANADA!
BEFORE THESE MONKEYS MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET AWAY FROM HERE AN' GET WORD TO MR. WILSON... NOW, NOBODY'S LOOKIN'...


UNOBSERVED, THE INTREPID HACKIE SLIPS QUIETLY TO THE FLOOR, THEN MAKES HIS WAY UNDER THE CAB...
SO FAR--SO GOOD! NO TURNIN' BACK NOW--I'VE CROSSED THE RUBICO...THE RUBICA... I'VE CROSSED THAT RIVER THEY'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT!


HE CRAWLS FROM ONE CAB TO ANOTHER, FINALLY REACHING A DOOR AT THE BASE OF A RAMP...
I'LL GET TO THE NEAREST PHONE AN' HAVE THE COPS HERE BEFORE THOSE CROOKS KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED!

NOT MORE THAN A BLOCK AWAY, HARRY FINDS AN ALL-NIGHT EATERY. HE GOES INSIDE, ENTERS THE PHONE BOOTH, DIALS THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AND ...

HELPLESS, AND WITH HIS PLAN SCOTCHED, HARRY THE HACK IS RETURNED TO THE CAB GARAGE, AND CONFRONTED BY "ACTOR" JOE MORGAN...

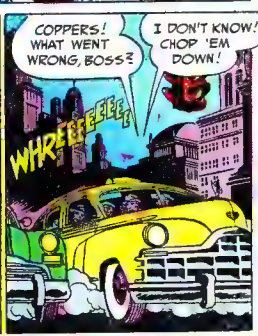

IT WAS PAY NIGHT, SAP! BUT WE LOOKED FOR YOU AND YOU WERE GONE! THEN THE BOYS WENT AFTER YOU! SO YOU WERE ABOUT TO TIP ME OFF TO STEVE WILSON, EH? THAT MEANS YOU WERE PLANTED HERE... AND IT MEANS THE COPS ARE WISE TO A LOT MORE THAN WE THOUGHT THEY WERE!
I'LL PLUG THE STOOLIE, BOSS!

NO, YOU FOOL! NOT HERE! I SUGGEST WE HAVE THIS GENTLEMAN DRIVE US ACROSS TOWN--A SORT OF LAST RIDE FOR HIM IN A CAB--TO AN APPROPRIATE SPOT BY THE RIVER! AFTER THAT, WELL--YOU CAN HAVE HIM!
OKAY--GET GOIN' PAL!

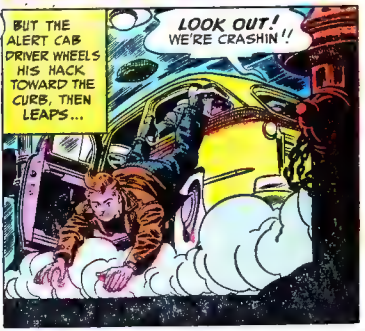
ONE OF THE CABS IS ROLLED OUT, WITH HARRY THE HACK AT THE WHEEL. BUT THIS TIME--UNLIKE ANY OTHER TRIP IN HIS LIFE--THE HACKIE IS HEADED FOR A DATE WITH DEATH...

BY THE WAY, WE KNOW ALL THE STUNTS! DON'T CUT TRAFFIC LIGHTS OR HEAD UP A ONE-WAY STREET TO ATTRACT THE LAW! IF YOU ATTEMPT ANYTHING OF THE SORT, YOU'LL BE SHOT AT ONCE!

SO, HARRY THE HACK, WHO HAS TAKEN A THOUSAND RIDES, STARTS ON ONE WHICH APPEARS TO BE HIS LAST. BUT AS HE DRIVES THROUGH CITY STREETS, EMPTY AT THE LATE HOUR...



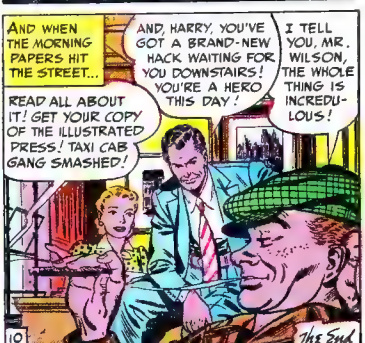
BUT THE ALERT CAB DRIVER WHEELS HIS HACK TOWARD THE CURB, THEN LEAPS...



SLOWLY, ONE BY ONE, THE THUGS ARE TAKEN FROM THE CAB. A CALL IS PUT THROUGH TO STEVE WILSON, AND...

...IT WAS LOOKIN' PRETTY BAD, MR. WILSON, UNTIL I THOUGHT O' THE "CONVERTIBLE" LICENSE PLATES! SO I PUSHED THE LEVER SO THE PLATE WOULD STAND ONLY HALFWAY UP, HIDIN' THE NUMBERS ALTOGETHER!
AND NOT SEEING A LICENSE NUMBER, THE SQUAD CAR WENT AFTER YOU! GOOD WORK, HARRY, THE GANG IS BUSTED!

AND WHEN THE MORNING PAPERS HIT THE STREET...


READ ALL ABOUT IT! GET YOUR COPY OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! TAXI CAB GANG SMASHED!
AND, HARRY, YOU'VE GOT A BRAND-NEW HACK WAITING FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS! YOU'RE A HERO THIS DAY!
I TELL YOU, MR. WILSON, THE WHOLE THING IS INCREDULOUS!
THE END

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A RENEGADE INDIAN TREACHEROUSLY INFLAMES FRIENDLY REDMEN AGAINST FRONTIER SETTLERS – AND IT'S UP TO **TOMAHAWK** AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, **DAN HUNTER** TO FIGHT THROUGH HORDES OF HOSTILE SAVAGES WITH THE ROYAL COLONEL'S BEAUTEOUS DAUGHTER AND THE TREATY THAT STAVES OFF THE THREAT OF **MASSACRE!**

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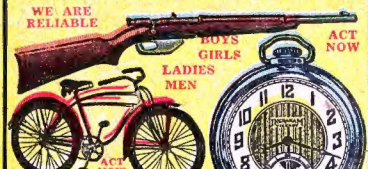

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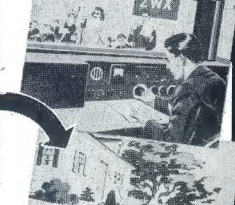

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1949 almost 3,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 20,000,000 Television sets will be in use. 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician.

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Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multitester for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. You keep all equipment. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. SPECIAL BOOKLETS start teaching you the day you enroll.

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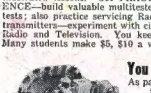

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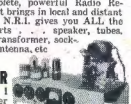
As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.



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Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1AK!
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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